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CHRISTIAN CHARITY*

'And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.' I Peter iv. 8.

One of the problems which press hardly on the minds of many Christians today, especially of the younger generation, is the relation of their religion to the great political and social questions of the hour. That is true all over the world, and nowhere more so than here in India, where the political ambitions of the country form for many a background to all thought, so that it is impossible for them to discuss any question without looking for its possible bearing on the national issue.

Now I am very far from holding the view that religion has nothing to do with such matters. It has a very great deal to do with political questions; for politics, when all is said and done, simply means our ideas and methods of treating one another in the mass, or in large groups. The idea that religion should have something to say about the behaviour of one individual to another, but nothing about the behaviour of one group to another, is quite illogical, and can only be put forward by people who are afraid of the consequences of such an application of religious principles to life. If we are Christians, then all our thinking and conduct, whether in personal relationships or in political ones, must be influenced by our religious convictions. We cannot divide our minds and lives into watertight compartments. We cannot say that in such and such a matter I make my judgement as a citizen, not as a Christian. Our judgements about every question will depend on what we *are*, upon our characters and personalities, and the whole mass of tendencies and qualities which make up the essential self; and if our religion has not moulded that, then it has accomplished nothing at all.

But this does not mean that in every particular situation there is a clear-cut Christian course of action, on which every honest Christian will agree. Partisans, of course, always think that there is, and that those who disagree with them must be knaves or hypocrites. The plain fact is, however, that many of the problems and situations which face us in the political sphere are so complicated that there is room for genuine difference of opinion, even among those who are sincerely anxious to base their judgements on Christian principles.

But there is one thing about which there can be *no* difference of opinion, one thing which must enter into every Christian judgement on controversial matters, and that is charity. It is a great loss that the word charity in modern speech should have come to mean simply almsgiving, often with an almost unpleasant flavour of condescension about it. In

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despair at this modern use of the word the Revised Version of the New Testament substitutes 'love'. But the English word 'love' has to do duty for three different things, for which Greek had three different words: one for sexual passion, one for the natural affection for family and friends, and one for that distinctively Christian virtue which the Authorised Version here and in I Corinthians xiii calls 'charity'. We need a special word for such disinterested unselfish love. Ordinary love always has a selfish element; it wants to get as well as to give. That is inevitable, for it can only thrive under such conditions, since it is a mutual relationship. Christian love, or charity, seeks only to give, for it is the love of God. 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'—and God is the only truly blessed one, for He alone gives and never receives.

Such charity the Christian must seek to cultivate, says St. Peter, 'above all things'. Nothing can take its place, no other gifts of heart or mind. He is one with St. Paul, who cries, 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels . . . though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith . . . and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.'

Such charity must be 'fervent', so the Authorised Version translates; but the meaning is rather unremitting, or unwearied. So often we experience a feeble sentiment which wishes all men well so long as things go according to our desires. When things go ill, when men oppose and deride us, when they answer our offer of benevolence with mistrust or hostility, then we are apt to consider that our offer can be withdrawn. So often we display it only in a small and select society, where our own opinions are reflected and we do not find people diametrically opposed to us. 'Fervent' charity must be able to mix with men where our own sympathies are unmet, and our tastes are jarred and our views opposed at every turn, and still remain just and gentle and forbearing.

Such charity, says St. Peter, 'covereth a multitude of sins.' The usual interpretation of this is that the sins of the charitable man are covered by his charity in God's sight. To those who love much, much is forgiven, as Christ said of the sinful woman who washed his feet with her tears. But I believe that it is just possible that the words have another meaning: that charity covers, puts out of sight, refuses to contemplate, the sins of others. Even if that is not the primary meaning of the passage, it is certainly one thing which is true of charity, and one which I want to dwell on to-night.

There are three ways at least in which charity so 'covers' sin. First, by refusing to notice and dwell on the faults of others. We all have to do that in personal relationships. We do not go about pointing out a man's faults to him. We know that if we do that we shall make social intercourse impossible. Instead we practise what we call tact. We try to glide over the awkward corners and take no notice of them, and seek instead to make contact with those qualities and interests in a person with which we do not disagree. There is nothing insincere about that. No doubt there are highly moral and religious people who would accuse us of being insincere; but though we recognise their loftiness of principle we feel that they are unlovely. The little girl's prayer, 'O God make all the bad people good, and the good people nice', is a reminder of the unattractiveness of goodness which is not accompanied by charity. And we have our Lord's own authority for such an attitude; for He said, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

What I want specially to plead is that we shall extend such refusal to see faults, and to take offence at them, to the realm of political and racial as well as

personal relationships. Let British people refuse to dwell on and take notice of the faults which they see in Indians; and Indians refuse to stress and resent the faults which they see in the British. I am not going to be explicit; but we all know the kind of general and sweeping charges which members of each race are apt to make against the other, especially at times when political feeling is running high. Charity refuses to have any part in such things.

Then, second, charity goes still further. It not only refuses to dwell on the evil. It looks for the underlying good. It has been said that a great deal of evil has a 'soul of goodness'. Many things that we must count as faults in human nature spring from a fundamentally good source. For instance, extravagance is often generosity carried to excess. Revenge may spring from a sense of justice which has put no restraint on itself. Some people see only the evil, and never take the trouble to find out the root of goodness from which it has sprung. But real charity will seek to go deep down and find out *why* a man comes to do wrong. This is not the weak and sentimental tolerance often met with, which sees no difference between good and bad because it is too lazy to distinguish between them. It does not misuse the phrase 'To understand all is to pardon all', so often quoted as an excuse for indifference. It is something much more exacting, demanding the hardest of all graces to acquire—sympathy, or feeling *with* another; learning to appreciate his point of view and to see through his eyes.

Again I feel that I must in the main leave you to make your own applications to the present unhappy conflicts in this country. But it is obvious that the real crux of the tragedy is just this lack of mutual understanding. I imagine that very few of my own countrymen form any conception of how their presence and control in the country appear to an ardent and patriotic Indian. And very few nationally-minded Indians, I think, have any idea of how the choosing of this particular time for a conflict in India seems to an Englishman preoccupied with what is to him the larger and still more vital and fundamental conflict of the war. Surely in the Christian Church at least we must try to reach that mutual understanding which is a fruit of charity.

And lastly, charity must learn to tolerate even intolerance. One thing which we must realise is that we cannot exercise charity as a matter of self-indulgence. For all the lip service that men will offer to the principle of charitableness, we find them hardening at once when we try to be charitable to their opponents. When people are partisans of one side or another they have little use for those who see good in both. We shall be more likely to get kicks and abuse all round than appreciation. We shall be accused by both sides of insincerity or treachery. And perhaps that is the hardest and most difficult lesson for charity to learn—to sympathise and make allowances even for the uncharitable.

To have unremitting charity is not a lightly undertaken task; but it is the one to which we are supremely called, and the more difficult and stressful the situation, the more insistently and urgently is it laid upon us by our Lord.

THREE LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE'S MORALS*

II. COMEDY: THE CASE OF FALSTAFF

The subject I propose for today is Sir John Falstaff, the fat man in the two plays on Henry IV, whose death is briefly reported in *Henry V*. There is a Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* also, but he has nothing in common with the other except the name and some tricks of speech; and I am going to leave him out of account. When you talk of Shakespeare, you must make sure that it is Shakespeare that you talk about, not the opinions of other men about Shakespeare. I will begin by recalling what Falstaff does and says, or some of it; and I do so especially for the benefit of those of us who may consider that they know all about Falstaff already.

Falstaff appears first in conversation with Prince Hal. The Prince has calculated that if he now gets the reputation of being a worthless rake, and if then, when he becomes king, he shows that he is in truth sober, wise, brave and virtuous, he will be more highly respected just because people expected so little of him. The sun, he says, seems brighter than ever when it comes out from behind a cloud. And his plan, by the way, works very well. After his coronation we find two bishops praising him far more than they would have done if they had not feared the worst. We may think, if we choose, that there is something mean about such a policy; but that doesn't matter at the moment, for we are discussing Falstaff, not the future Henry V.

And it appears that Falstaff is a sad rogue. He eats and drinks far too much; he cares little or nothing for reputation; and his favourite pastime is highway-robbery, which he defends whimsically in argument with the Prince. He has been indulging in a fit of penitence, for he is a creature of many moods, and all the moods are extravagant. So he says, 'Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. . . . Now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over: by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain.' To which the Prince replies, 'Where shall we take a purse tomorrow, Jack?' Falstaff's penitence vanishes at once, in his delight that the Prince should offer to join their disreputable game, and he cries out heartily, 'Zounds, where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain and baffle me.' *The Prince*: 'I see a good amendment of life in thee: from praying to purse-taking.' *Falstaff*: 'Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation.' And he proceeds to urge the Prince to make one with them. The Prince refuses, indignantly. But another of the gang, Poins, takes him aside to suggest a practical joke on Falstaff. They are all to go out on the highroad at night, to rob some merchants, and then in the darkness Poins and the Prince will attack the rest of the gang: Poins is sure that all of them will run away. The cream of the joke will come later, says Poins, when the gang reassemble at their usual haunt, the Boar's Head tavern in Eastcheap: he

* These lectures were delivered at Annamalai University on July 29th, 30th and 31st, 1943, and are printed here by the kind permission of the Vice-Chancellor.

is sure that Falstaff will tell 'incomprehensible lies' about the number of those who attacked him.

So they all meet at Gadshill near Rochester, twenty-nine miles from London. The expected merchants appear, and they set on them, Falstaff jumping about most actively and threatening them most horribly. The merchants yield everything they have. During the robbery the Prince and Poins hang back; then, when Falstaff and the others are sharing the booty, they shout at them out of the dark. One shout each is enough. The three lesser highwaymen run at once; Falstaff begins to fight, but as soon as he finds that he is alone he runs too, leaving all the booty behind.

Next night the gang meet again at the Boar's Head. Falstaff at first is sulky with the Prince and Poins for disappearing at the height of the game; but he is soon full of enthusiasm again, as he warms up to the 'incomprehensible lies' which Poins has promised to the Prince. As he tells how he engaged the counter-robbers, he first exaggerates and then invents; the two men he is fighting with grow steadily into eleven, and then three more assault him meanly from behind. Now the Prince confronts him with the truth. Falstaff is a little confused for a moment, but only for a moment, and then he has his new defence ready: he knew by instinct, he says, that he was facing the Prince of Wales, and that it would be wicked to offer any hurt to royalty. In those strange medieval collections of fables about beasts, the Bestiaries, it was stated that the lion, being the king of beasts, can always discern royal persons by *instinct* and leaves them alone, preying only on commoners: and F a l s t a f f congratulates himself on having the lion's instinct without knowing it. '*I shall think the* better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.' Then he changes the subject hurriedly.

The rest of the night is passed in play-acting, for which Falstaff has a passion that he shares with all good and wise men. First he pretends to be the king, and asks the Prince to defend himself against the charge that he is wasting his time and spoiling his name; then they exchange roles, and play the same scene again. Falstaff performs both parts with unfailing wit and tremendous mock-seriousness, so well that the Hostess laughs till she cries and has to be removed. Suddenly a servant reports that the Sheriff with many men is at the door, looking for the Gadshill robbers. But Falstaff is playing the Prince, and in that character is defending his own character with such gusto that he merely resents the interruption, and says, 'Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.' But the others make him hide behind a curtain, while the Prince interviews the Sheriff and puts him off with some lies and a promise. Then the curtain is drawn, and Falstaff is found fast asleep. The Prince has Falstaff's pockets searched, out of curiosity: they hold nothing but unpaid tavern-bills.

A day or two later we find Falstaff abusing the Hostess because his pockets were picked while he was asleep; he declares that he has missed three or four bonds of £40 apiece, and a seal-ring of his grandfather's worth £27. Recriminations follow: the Hostess protests that she has given him food and drink, and even clothing, and has lent him cash, without receiving anything in return; all of which he does not trouble to deny. Instead of answering he finds various ways of leading her on and muddling her, as an advocate does with an over-talkative witness. As if he were bringing some awful charge against her, he says, 'Go to, you are a—woman'; she rises, and retorts angrily, 'Who, I? no; I defy thee: God's light, I was never called so in my house before.' Then he calls her 'Thou—thing'. 'What thing?' she

asks. 'Why, a thing—to thank God on.' She rises again: 'I am no thing to thank God on,' and so forth. He returns to the ring that has disappeared, and she declares that the Prince has often said it was copper. *Falstaff*: 'How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.' And at this moment the Prince enters. The Hostess, her blood up, tells what Falstaff has said. The Prince repeats his statement about the ring, and dares Falstaff to carry out his threat. Falstaff replies: 'As thou art a man, I dare, but as thou art prince, I fear thee as the roaring of the lion's whelp.' Once more the Prince is able to expose Falstaff's exaggerations and inventions from his own knowledge, and asks what he has to say for himself. And Falstaff says, 'Thou knowest, in the state of innocency Adam fell: and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.' Then—and this is worth noting—he turns to the Hostess, puts on an air of magnanimity, and says, 'Hostess, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still.' And he utters this shameless impudence so convincingly that she does go, without another word to say for herself.

And now civil war breaks out, and the Prince gives Falstaff a commission, with authority to 'press' or conscript soldiers. We see him next on the road to Shrewsbury, where the king's army is to meet the rebels; and he has the most disreputable company of infantry ever seen. He confesses, quite without shame, that he is making money corruptly out of the commission. He has conscripted only men with money, and then has taken bribes to excuse them, at an average rate of £2 (Rs. 25) a head: and as for his present company, he says, 'No eye hath seen such scarecrows'. 'There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, . . . and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daventry.' He refuses to march with them through any town.

With these 'tattered prodigals' he arrives at Shrewsbury. On the eve of the battle he says, quoting the fire-eating soldiers around him, 'Honour pricks me on.' Then, on his own, he adds, 'Yea, but how if honour pricks me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is in that word honour? what is that honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. 'Tis insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere 'scutcheon. And so ends my catechism.'

When fighting begins, his company melts away at once, and he is left wandering upon the field of battle alone. But he's not exactly looking for rebels to fight with. Coming on a dead enemy he says, 'There's honour for you! . . . give me life: which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end.' But by accident he does meet a rebel, the famous Scottish warrior Douglas: Falstaff exchanges a few blows, and then falls, and Douglas rushes off to find other prey. The Prince meanwhile is fighting with Hotspur, the real leader of the rebels, and kills him. Then he sees Falstaff lying as if dead, and bids farewell to him briefly, promising that he will 'embowel' or embalm the body when there is time for it; and like Douglas he pursues the fight elsewhere. When he is gone Falstaff rises slowly to his feet, saying, 'Embowelled! if thou embowel me today, I'll

give thee leave to salt and eat me to-morrow.' He was only shamming dead, to escape Douglas; and when the Prince reappears, he claims credit for the killing of Hotspur himself: 'If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.' *Prince*: 'Why, Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead.' *Falstaff*: 'Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he: but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads.' The Prince, knowing Falstaff, is not convinced, but he is not disposed to argue, and good-naturedly allows Falstaff credit for killing Hotspur. And Falstaff is left, saying to himself, 'I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less: for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly as a nobleman should.' Probably he is perfectly sincere in his good resolve, for the moment; probably also he has become quite convinced that it was himself who killed Hotspur.

There is no time to follow Falstaff through all the scenes of the Second Part of the play, which is less interesting than the First Part. We see him in trouble with the Lord Chief Justice, and talking his way out of it; we see the Hostess trying once again to get back something of what he owes her—and the conversation ends with her lending him more money, only saying wistfully, 'You'll pay me all together?' To which he replies airily, 'Shall I live?' We see him taking his ease at his inn, most disreputably; and we see him at the wars again, capturing a noble rebel without striking a blow, much to his own surprise. Above all, we see him visiting a country gentleman, Master Justice Shallow of Gloucestershire, one of Shakespeare's immortal fools. With Shallow's unconscious help he makes a lot of money by further misusing the king's press: and skilfully and lovingly he fools the poor Justice to the top of his bent, treasuring up every new proof of folly, all in the hope of amusing the Prince with the story later on. But now comes the end of his own story. While he is still with Shallow he hears that King Henry IV is dead, and that his beloved Prince reigns as Henry V. He calls for his horse at once, borrows £1,000 from the Justice on the strength of his expectations, promises places and plunder to all his friends, and departs at full speed for London. He arrives just as the new King is coming from the long and solemn coronation service in Westminster Abbey: and Falstaff calls out, 'God save thee, my sweet boy!' The Chief Justice tries to silence him, but he goes on bawling out, 'My King! My Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!' And the King replies,

> I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester.

And so on, a long speech: the gist of it being that the King has reformed and now casts off his disreputable associates, ordering them never more to come within ten miles of his person. He also rebukes Falstaff for misleading himself, which is an astonishing charge. The procession passes on, leaving Falstaff to say ruefully to his neighbour, 'Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.' And in a few minutes the Chief Justice returns with orders to send Falstaff and all his company to jail.

And that is the last we see of Falstaff. Shakespeare didn't intend it so: there is an epilogue to the play, which says, 'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it; . . . where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat.' But when Shakespeare came to the actual writing of *Henry V*, he changed his mind. The play begins with the King collecting first religious

arguments, and then soldiers, to make himself King of France. As the army gathers, we meet some of our old acquaintances again: and their news is that Falstaff is dead. He has been ill for some time: Pistol, who loves long words, says that at the King's sternness Falstaff's heart was 'fracted and corroborate', which is his way of saying broken. Bardolph, the gloomy one, bursts out, 'Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.' To which the Hostess (who has become Mrs. Pistol) retorts, 'Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom [she means Abraham's bosom, but she doesn't know her Bible very well] he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away as it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his finger's ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled o' green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what, man! be o' good cheer." So a' cried out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God: I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thought yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone; and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as stone.'

Henry V is a fine play, full of glory and gallantry and victory, with many speeches in it which are unfailingly recited as often as there's a war on: but I agree with Chambers that the Hostess's words about Falstaff move one's heart and linger in the memory more than all the rhetoric. 'With the exception', he says, 'of a few unconsidered words that fall from the mouth of a woman of no reputation, there is nothing that is intimate, nothing that touches the depths.'

Falstaff then is greedy and drunken, a thief and a liar; he cheats the poor hostess without shame, and in his own words 'misuses the king's press damnably'; and he is not ashamed to save his skin by running away, or even by shamming dead. All this cannot be denied: yet there are few of us who can help loving the man. Some would say he is a better man than the king who disowns him. Even Dr. Johnson, that almost incorruptible moralist, indulges in a singular outburst in his praise, beginning 'Falstaff unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee?' Why should this be so?

It clears a good deal of ground if we recognise first of all that in real life we should wholly disapprove of Falstaff, or at best regard him with mixed feelings. But that is because in real life our moral judgements are always warped by considerations of selfish prudence. Workaday morals are largely concerned with keeping safe and getting on. We behave well because we think it will pay us in some sense to do so; or because we are afraid that if we begin to behave badly, others may beat us at it. And on grounds like these of course Falstaff stands condemned: he is neither successful nor respectable: in the matter of advancing our interests by means of morality, he has nothing to teach us that can profit. We judge differently when we judge imaginary persons, and on the whole I am sure we judge better, because disinterestedly: we think of them as they are, not as they may possibly affect us. So long as Falstaff is on the stage, he is at a safe distance, and we can enjoy his capers with tranquillity, as if he were a dangerous but entertaining wild animal behind strong bars. We can laugh at him without wondering whether the best people will disapprove of us for countenancing him.

And now, to look more closely at this Falstaff, I ask you to begin by noting

three negative points about him. First, he is not a coward. To those of you who know something of Shakespearean criticism, that will seem a bold statement, for there have been long and indeterminate arguments on this point. But I speak with confidence. He runs away at Gadshill after striking one or two blows, and later tells monstrous lies about the number of his enemies and his prowess against them. At Shrewsbury he pretends to be killed in order to escape killing in earnest, and then claims most falsely to have vanquished Hotspur single-handed. He behaves like the conventional coward, who disappears on the battlefield and then boasts of his feats of arms, like the contemptible Parolles in *All's Well that Ends Well.* But Falstaff has a reason and a motive quite different from Parolles'. Parolles runs because he can't help himself; he is the impotent victim of base panic fear; he has no reason for what he does. Falstaff has a reason, and from his own point of view a perfectly good reason: he prefers living to dying. He calculates that he hasn't a chance against the disguised Poins and Prince Hal, or against the fire-eater Douglas: and he chooses to save his life, and chooses each time the best way that offers in the circumstances; they are undignified, but he sees no good in dignity: it is a cool and deliberate act of judgement. And the boastings that follow are not calculated attempts to deceive anyone, which they don't do: the one person impressed by his lies is himself. He boasts for the fun of it, and by instinct: he is like an imaginative child playing a part: indeed he becomes a poet, carried away by the strength of his own fancy. His behaviour when he is shown up proves it: he is not at all confused, except for a moment; he goes on to some new game with his self-assurance unimpaired; and he enjoys the joke more than anyone else.

And on the other hand he can behave with dignity and courage, when dignity and courage are not likely to lose him anything he esteems more highly. At Shrewsbury he does not run with his regiment, but stays in the face of danger, ready to save his life if possible, but also ready to face death if necessary. And when the Sheriff comes to the Boar's Head to arrest him on a capital charge, he pays no attention because he is absorbed in the game he is playing. He knows no doubt that the Prince's company is some protection; but there is some real danger, and a true coward (if I may use the phrase) would show some fear; he would not say, as Falstaff does, 'I've been well brought up, I know how to behave when being hanged'. Nor would he fall fast asleep as soon as he is in hiding. Falstaff is not a coward, though a man like Hotspur would call him one.

Secondly, he is not mean. He spunges shamelessly on the Hostess; he takes purses on the king's highway; he accepts bribes when he is on the king's business. These are all mean things to do, as well as criminal: but his motive and spirit are not mean. He does not calculate how to cheat or rob. His wants are simple: clothes, food and drink (a lot of drink, certainly), and good company: and he takes them wherever he finds them, never looking ahead, never thinking of the laws of man or God. And the proof of it is that he keeps a warm heart in spite of his years. He loves his friends, and he keeps faith. He really loves the Prince, even if we find in the end that he presumes on that friendship too far; and indeed he compares well with the Prince, who joins Falstaff's company only for the good he can get out of it for himself, and casts him aside when his usefulness is exhausted. When Poins plays a practical joke on Falstaff, hiding his horse at Gadshill, Falstaff is angry with him but keeps his love. 'I have forsworn his company hourly,' he says, 'any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to

make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.' And when both Poins and the Prince disappear at Gadshill, he resents it on many accounts: but his chief feeling is that they have sinned against good fellowship: to stay away, with a joke afoot! He laments the decay of 'manhood, good manhood', and throws himself wholeheartedly into the mood of the moment, as he always does: 'There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver: I could sing psalms or anything.' One of his more ridiculous boasts, invented no doubt as a means to get something more out of the Hostess, is that the Prince owes him £1,000. The Hostess in angry mood repeats this to the Prince, who challenges Falstaff: 'Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?' And Falstaff replies, 'A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.' I don't think any actor could speak those words without putting into them a hint of real feeling. The only time he shows anything like shame is when the Prince baits him mercilessly, again and again, for running away at Gadshill: 'No more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me,' he says. And the end of the story after all is that Falstaff dies of a broken heart. There is one thing that Falstaff takes seriously, his friendship with the Prince: and he dies of it. It is his Achilles' heel. The well-known lines of Belloc might serve as epitaph for Falstaff:

> From quiet homes and first beginning
> Out to the undiscovered ends,
> There's nothing worth the wear of winning
> But laughter, and the love of friends.

My third point is that Falstaff is not stupid or dull. This is so obvious that I needn't labour it, and it is so interesting that once I began on it I should never leave off. He has an astonishing command of language; whatever happens, he has something to say that is entirely unexpected and delightful, and he puts it briefly, pithily, and with imagination. He is unfailingly resourceful; some invention is always ready, and if it fails him another is there to take its place; his lies (I'd rather call them flights of fancy) come up like the Scottish spearmen at Flodden, 'Each stepping where his comrade stood the instant that he fell'. Above all, there is his inexhaustible vitality, his fire and zest and gusto. You can't imagine Falstaff bored, at least not for more than a moment or two. He has his moods, of penitence, disgust, surliness: but he grapples with them as Jacob wrestled with the angel by night, at the ford of Jabbok, saying, 'I will not let thee go except thou bless me'. He forces the moods into words, each of the words flying straight to its mark like an arrow from the bow; and in no time he has turned disgust into delight, and boredom into a priceless joke. Mr. Justice Shallow is a crashing bore, a silly vain old man: but Falstaff sets to and squeezes out of him the last drop of all his silliness and vanity, with enormous delight; and the delight is doubled as he looks forward to sharing the joke with his crony Hal: and Hal's next words to him are, 'I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers'.

I have called these negative points, but they seem to be pretty positive after all. Falstaff has a stout heart, which he sometimes chooses to hide: he can love and be loyal: and his wits are unwearyingly nimble and ingenious. I have called these points negative because they are the conditions within which Falstaff's secret works, rather than the secret itself. If he were cowardly, or mean, or stupid, we could not like him as we do. It may be true that in the theatre or library we judge differently, and as I think more generously, than we do in the world. But you can't really like anyone, however

imaginary, if he lacks courage, kindness and vitality: and Falstaff doesn't. The faults that we indulge in fictitious characters are the faults of excess, not the faults of defect.

And now to come to the real secret of Falstaff: why does the rogue bewitch us? For the very reason, I believe, which seems at first sight to make it difficult to like him at all: for the very immorality which puzzled us at the outset.

When I am carrying out the one part of my duty as teacher which I altogether dislike, I mean when I am invigilating at an examination, it always interests me to watch the behaviour of candidates as they reach the end of an answer: how they lay down their pens, press their hands together so as to bend back the fingers at right angles, arch their backs, lock their fingers over their heads and stretch their arms upward till the shoulder-joints rattle like machine-guns. This is to relieve the strain on the body of too much stooping and straining. Then, to ease the effort of too much thinking, they yawn till their jaws crack.

Well, comedy, as we have it in Falstaff, serves in the same way for relief—moral relief. We all want to be good, though some of us may seem to want it more than others; we want it partly for good and partly for bad reasons. But it is difficult. There are optimists who proclaim that man is good at heart, and to be good outwardly as well needs only intelligent education and fair living-conditions. It isn't true, unfortunately; else why should it be universally recognised that when we are trying to be good it is as if we were going uphill, and when we are letting ourselves be bad it is as if we were slipping easily downwards? A famous Christian preacher (Robertson of Brighton) was once looking at a picture in a church which showed a human soul being raised towards heaven by bright angels, while dark angels were pulling downwards. 'You see,' he said, 'the dark angels have the law of gravitation on their side.' So we try to be good, but it takes an effort; and we become strained and cramped and weary. Along comes Falstaff, who never tries to be good at all, or to do anything that is unnatural or difficult, but gives himself up with rapture to every passing mood and impulse. What a relief it is, for the time being, to abandon ourselves to his company! If his anti-social conduct were deliberate, or calculated, or if he tried to excuse himself by serious arguments, he would make us think and would disgust us. But all is pure play—a point I will develop in a moment. First, then, Falstaff offers us a relief from the strain of trying to be good. There is the contrast, the change from the serious and tiresome realities of moral and social life. The point is eloquently made by Bradley. 'The bliss of freedom gained in humour is the essence of Falstaff. His humour is not directed only or chiefly against absurdities; he is the enemy of everything that would interfere with his ease, and therefore of anything serious, and especially of everything respectable and moral. For these things impose limits and obligations, and make us the subjects of old father antic the law, and the categorical imperative, and our station and its duties, and conscience, and reputation, and other people's opinions, and all sorts of nuisances. I say he is therefore their enemy; but I do him wrong; to say that he is their enemy implies that he regards them as serious and recognises their power, when in truth he refuses to recognise them at all. They are to him absurd; and to reduce a thing *ad absurdum* is to reduce it to nothing and to walk about free and rejoicing.' And this means that only people who are good, or trying to be good, can really enjoy Falstaff, for it is they who need and welcome this relief. A serious drunkard or glutton, a calculating swindler, a man who cheats government out of policy and reckons his gains with selfish satisfaction—such people can't enjoy

Falstaff: they can see only that he makes little that they would value by all his crimes. The bad man is the selfish man, the man who delights in taking things away from other people: and all that Falstaff seeks he seeks in order that he may share it with others. If you can laugh with all your heart at Falstaff, take comfort: it means that you are really a very good man.

My second point is that Falstaff affords relief because he embodies the spirit of pure play. His sensuality, as Hazlitt has shown, is, like his boasting, largely invention. 'His imagination,' says Hazlitt, 'keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated descriptions which he gives of them, than in fact.' I have suggested to you the picture of a poor examination-candidate stretching his shoulder-joints. Let me put beside it the picture of some young animal at play, a lamb jumping about in the sun, or a kitten chasing its own tail, or a litter of puppies tumbling over one another, or a five-year-old boy running round in circles or throwing away a ball and running after it. The instinct for play is one of the ultimate things in life, a thing given; you can't explain it, and except within narrow limits you can't alter it: all you can do with it is to enjoy it yourself. And Falstaff is the incarnation of the spirit of play. You know the delightful lines in Wordsworth's Immortality Ode in which he describes a six-year-old boy (said by some pundits to be Hartley Coleridge) playing with all his heart at a wedding or funeral:

> But it will not be long
> Ere this be thrown aside,
> And with new joy and pride
> The little actor cons another part;
> Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
> With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
> That Life brings with her in her equipage;
> As if his whole vocation
> Were endless imitation.

Well, no one would call Falstaff 'little'; but he is everything else that Wordsworth sings. He plays the sot, the cheat, the coward, in the spirit of a child playing at weddings and funerals. To quote Hazlitt once again, 'He is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian, who should represent him to the life, before one of the police officers.'

This is only one kind of comedy, of course; and there are many other kinds, the most important distinction, I suggest, being between pure comedy and applied comedy. Applied comedy is comedy used deliberately for some purpose or other, to remedy abuses, to deflate conceit, to expose presumption and folly: such is satire, irony, sarcasm, and so on. Pure comedy is comedy invented, offered, and enjoyed, for its own sake, because it satisfies this ultimate instinct for play. There is little applied comedy in Shakespeare. He sometimes seems to set out to paint a satirical portrait, but it soon turns into pure comedy, and we enjoy the character, not because he serves as a moral object-lesson, but because he enjoys himself so much. And the truly Shakespearean comedy is found surely in Bottom, Dogberry, Touchstone, and above all in Falstaff. They don't teach us anything, but they are good fun. This is the service that Shakespeare does to morality in his comedy: he affords us a holiday from morality, an interval in which we can enjoy ourselves spontaneously and with all our heart; from whence, when the time comes, we can return refreshed and strengthened to the serious business of life. And that, in literature, takes the form of tragedy, which is to be the subject of our last lecture.

J. R. MACPHAIL.

MOONRISE

By B. G. Krishnamma, *Hons. 4, Br. vii.*

The gentle wind blows softly 'neath the sky,
The smoke curls upward from each humble home,
The ebon ravens slowly nestward fly,
And stars are twinkling in the azure dome.

And then that gentle goddess of night's dome
From torquise-tinted clouds was slowly born
Like Venus rising from the silver foam,
To soothe earth's breast with painful passion torn.

At once the earth was bathed in silver light
Which into every crevice quickly surged
And soon dispelled the sombre shades of night,
As Christ God's house of money changers purged.

Then soon unto the zenith of the sky
The cold chaste moon has made her stately way,
A princess with her gracious head held high,
She seems to smile upon the earth and say,

'Forget your petty moil and sorry strife,
The agony the heartbreak and the pain,
I offer you the nectar of new life,
If you can from this ceaseless fight refrain.'

But we're too deaf to hear her message wise,
For in our hearts gross passions seethe and sear,
O when will hatred cease, and union rise,
But who's so deaf as those who will not hear ?

As if she knew what she so sagely bid
Was wasted on our dull unheeding ears,
Her face behind a darkling cloud was hid,
And falling rain-drops seemed to be her tears.

Alas ! the lonely night has almost gone,
Impatient Phoebus on day's threshold stays,
Behold O earth, it is another dawn,
And we must fain resume our care-worn ways.

DESTINY

By V. Dwaraknath Reddy, *Class IV, B.Sc.*

I had often seen him seated there. He mystified me. He was ever the same. His looks were permanently set on something only memory's eye could see. He saw past you, through you, but never at you. He seldom moved his lips, and then, not to smile. His hair was matted, almost brown with dust; and so was his beard, his long, ragged, ill-kept beard. A pair of big black eyes peeped out from beneath his thick tough eye-brows, burning at times with a flame which some loving thought threw into his soul, dim and hazy at others when some sad recollection lingered behind them. His clothes were scanty, soiled, and torn. I could not guess his age; he might have been thirty, nay forty, for the wrinkles chiselled on his face by the hand of Poverty, Trouble and Sorrow defied my attempts to guess it. On a rough stone bench outside my house, in the shade of a banyan tree, he could be seen day after day, seated in a slightly reclining position and looking on at space. And none grudged him his couch, for none used it.

On more than one occasion I longed to question him, to hear his hidden tale, but his strange gaze arrested the uplifted foot and some unnamed force held me back. I never saw him speak with any one. Once or twice a day he would get up and slowly walk away, always to return in an hour; perhaps it was to find a morsel to eat. I felt his thoughts were more food to him than what he ate.

No one ever went to him, for even the poor got a sense of richness as they looked at him—and the wealthy must scorn the poor. Hardly any one noticed his presence: he had become part of the place. The big-boughed trees, the buildings, the road, the fields, the clouds, those inanimate objects round him, and HE, all were observed in the same dispassionate glance, mingled in the mind into one ill-defined picture that mattered not. But to me, this still, sad, silent man seated on that stone, the same while days dawned and departed, was more than commonplace. And I burned with the desire to know what passed beneath that pensive countenance.

One morning when all had gone to work and none paced the street I picked up the courage to speak to him. I need not say 'courage' for I was not afraid of him. Something in him was keeping me back, and I shall say I conquered that 'something': I went up coolly to him and offered to send him food. On being addressed in so civil a manner, an expression that was neither a questioning grimace nor a thankful smile crept into his features. 'Do have some', I pressed, 'it will do you good.' Slowly he nodded his head. 'Thanks, I have had enough.' Bless me, he spoke a foreign tongue! I was right in thinking this man was no beggar on the road, he did not belong there, and the vaporous 'something' my fancy had scented in him was beginning to sublime round his person.

'You must be having some sorrow which preys on your heart; it is visible in your face. Would you not like to tell me?' I was trying to draw him out.

But that look of vacant gaze came into his eyes and he was seeing the air, not me. 'I am a poor beggar. My sorrows are poverty and hunger. You are a kind one to talk with a poor man like me. But I have nothing to say.'

I refused to be convinced. 'Why do you avoid me and doubt my honesty? Why do you hesitate to let me into your

life? I do not ask from vulgar curiosity. I feel sorry for you. I want to befriend you. You are poor today, but you may have been rich. How do I know? You speak English and suggest a cultured nature. Tell me. I am not your enemy, am I?'

He looked straight into my eyes till I winced beneath his scrutinising gaze. How his eyes spoke to me then! They were flooded with gratitude. 'I cannot refuse your goodness, my friend,' he said. I was glad he called me friend. I felt I was speaking with my equal, not with a poor beggar. I do not know why.

'I have a story and I do not mind telling it to you,' he added.

I knew that if we stayed talking there we would draw a crowd. 'We will go to some unfrequented place,' I suggested. 'We can slip by unobserved as there is no one in sight now.'

We were seated by a small pool set amongst a luxuriant growth of bush and trees, like a glittering diamond in a string of green emeralds. The place was a couple of miles from my home. Besides us two, there was not a soul in sight. And then he began to tell his tale. His speech was slow, soft and sad. His voice was deep and gurgling. As he spoke he picked up pebbles and flicked them into the water; then he would watch the widening ripples with a preoccupied look, and talk as he watched. The emotion in his voice captured me. I sat still, listening—intently listening. I think I heard the words as one at the bottom of a big valley hears the muffled roar of rolling thunder far away.

* * * *

'Names of places and persons do not matter. They are buried deep in my memory and let them lie there for ever, barred by the gates of the heart and a pair of obstinate lips; for lying there, they will pain me least.

We had a nice little house, my wife and I. It was situated all by itself, where a brook curved in a gracious bend. It was such a lovely place. We had a nice garden in front, and it was a usual practice with us to stand by the flower plants at evening and watch the water flowing between the sandy banks to its unknown distination. All that is over now. Everything has become a story of the past and may never be again.

Well, we moved over into that house soon after our marriage. I had lost my parents years before that and there was none else to share the roof with us. I owned a shop in a near-by town, and some houses too, which I had rented out. The income was ample for two contented souls. We both felt our mutual love was our greatest wealth, and lived in happiness. Our solitude appealed to both of us. The world seemed such a sweet place to live in. Nothing seemed likely to cause a rupture in the unmingled joy that wrapped us then. How different it all is now! Those happy hopes have flown away. Those days come into the mind as part of an untrue dream.

A year passed by in delightful comradeship, We knew a baby was soon to come, and were eagerly awaiting the same. A girl was what both of us desired. My wife had good medical attention, and no mishap occurred; I mean no mishap that doctors or bottles could avert. But the sad truth broke my heart. Our wishes were realised, yet most sadly so. The irony of it pierced my very soul. I think a wise man should have done with wishes because Fate seldom complies. A girl was born, but it was a cripple.

There were two holes where there should have been two eyes. But her nose was one in a million, such a fine nose she had; and her mouth too. Her face was a lovely oval. Alas, her legs too were ill-formed. One was stunted below the knee.

I have seen my wife flood the child with tears. It pained her more than it pained me. She never complained to me about fate. She bore it in silence, poor girl, nursing her pain in solitude, and bathing her wounds with brine. As I

watched her wriggling in her suppressed sorrow, as I beheld her tortured face, a thought, which had just flashed through my mind earlier, began to take shape.

A fortnight after the baby was born, we were both standing in the garden. It was nearing sunset. Then with faltering voice I told her. . . . "Don't brand me as being heartless. Think of that child growing up like that, blind and lame, not knowing light from darkness, life from death, wondering what people mean when they speak of sight and beauty and the green fields, the distant dales, the lovely dawns and the sweet birds; think of her as a grown-up, stumbling slowly along the rooms, without a pair of legs to stand upon, without a pair of eyes to see with . . . think of her wishing she had never come into a world whose complexity she is denied a chance to understand . . . what is there in store for her that she should grow up?" And when I stopped in my talk, she only placed her head on my chest and sobbed, murmuring brokenly, "My poor child . . . my poor dear child." I felt at a loss for words. She went to the cradle; I strolled down to the river.

I talked to her thus every day after that. I made her understand that our child had no future except misery, and after a week I said, "Knowing all this, then, why let her grow up?" She started. "What do you mean?" she asked. "Think of it coolly. Is it not wise to end her joyless life before she is a day older?" She did not speak a word. She turned round and walked into the house. That night I did not ask her again. I allowed her time to think.

The next morning I asked her if she had no answer to give me. "Do as you think fit. Heaven knows there is no happiness in her life. I am sure you can say what is best for us to do."

In my own heart I never doubted the wisdom of such a course. If knowledge should bring sorrow in its wake, then why let her acquire that knowledge? That evening I gave her a morphine injection. My hands trembled as I did it, but I felt I must. She passed away in my arms, my beautiful blind daughter, my poor little girl. She wasn't even christened, my luckless child. She never saw the light of day, but went as she came. We buried her in a corner of our garden.

We both got over it. We knew it was the will of God.

A month passed by. Then it was that I first noticed a change in my wife. She was silent as never before, and almost cold towards me. She was moody, looking dejected always. I asked her often if she was ill. She invariably replied she was not. I wondered what the matter with her was.

One day I found her sobbing bitterly. When I asked her, she only said, "My child, my sweet child.—" Then I knew the little departed girl still breathed in her mind. "Accept fate bravely, dear," I consoled her. "You know we have done the best we could for the unfortunate kid."

That time onwards I often found her in tears and always soothed her ruffled thoughts. But one day she could not contain herself. Her love for her child drowned her regard for me. "You killed my child, my lovely child. Oh, how could you?" she blamed me vehemently. My attempts to reason with her only maddened her with grief more than ever. "You are a murderer," she cried. "You murdered her, you did. What does it matter how she lived? You could have let her live . . . somehow . . . after all life is sweet to all. It was pride that made you do it, shame at being the father of a blind girl, . . . and to that you sacrificed a life." When the first flush of grief blew over, she buried her face in the hollow of her hands and wept long and sadly into them, sighing, "My sweet babe, my own babe, I have killed you myself."

Her accusations scorched my soul like red-hot iron. "Please be fair to me," I pleaded. "I loved her as you did. I

have told you all the reasons. I did it in mercy to the poor babe. And really, really, I had no pride as you say. Don't cut me so unkindly."

When I woke up in the morning she was nowhere to be seen. I cried her name aloud and often. Only false echo came to mock my intent listening. On the table lay her parting message to me: "Forgive my last words. Good-bye. My love to you." Outside in the garden, the baby's grave was undone. That farewell still rings in my ears. That dug-up grave is fresh in my memory. God knows no one can blame me. But the facts were hard to bear. My child I lost by a deliberate act; my wife—I paved the way for our parting. Both have gone from me . . . gone for ever . . . yet I loved them both.

I have little more to tell. I left my home because it was so foul to me. I was so dazed, it is surprising I did not go mad. Suddenly the world became a torture-chamber to me. I had no desire for wordly pleasures; nay, not even to live. I had tasted the sweetest and the saddest that life could offer me and nothing else mattered. I went away, I knew not whither, and travelled about at random. I lived on charity and when that failed, on the few coins I had in my pocket. I went to many places. Every friend of mine must have given me up for dead. In truth, I did not care who recognised me and who did not.

During my aimless wanderings I came to this place. I was passing by your house when I saw that child: it is your baby sister? I was surprised to see the resemblance she bore to my dead daughter. The same nose, the same mouth, the same oval face, and two blue eyes too, which were denied my daughter. If she had lived, she would have been like your sister. For a few days I paced up and down that street, just to catch a glimpse of your sweet sister; a little glimpse that meant so much to me. Finally I decided to live on that stone bench, being always close to that child; she took me close to my own . . .

The dust of many miles and many weary months is on me. A beard has grown on my once clean-shaven chin. But these appearances do not matter to me any more. A stage is reached by man after which nothing matters but the past. I have reached it at an earlier age than others. I wonder at times what I look like now. Perhaps a surprise awaits me in the mirror.

There, I have told you my story. I had laid Time heavy upon it and wanted never to let it out. But something about you, your kindness for one whom all neglect, compelled me to tell you. The wounds in my heart, how they open up and bleed at the slightest touch of Memory. They will never heal . . . oh yes, they will, when death will enbalm my body in the cooling drugs of eternity . . . and then all will be peace . . . and happiness again . . .'

* * * *

That afternoon I took a present to him. He was seated as always on the stone-bench. On one side of my little gift was a mirror, on the other was framed a photograph of my baby sister. He took it in silence, looked a second into the mirror, and looked long at the photo.

'I have a request to make of you,' I told him. 'I want you to come and live in my house till you get over your sorrow, and are settled in some occupation. You can go back after that and start life afresh. I will tell my father about you if you accept my invitation.'

'You are a kind boy, my friend' was his reply; then, after a moment's pause . . . 'I shall tell you tomorrow.' In that moment, I thought, a glint came to his eyes.

The next morning the stone-bench was unoccupied. Instead of the man that always sat there, was a piece of paper. Some lines were pencilled on it. Beneath the paper lay my present; but the photo was not there.

'Friend,' read the letter which was obviously for me, 'I am leaving. Had I withheld my history I might have stayed for ever, but now it is told and I cannot. There can be *no fresh start in life* for me. The past is the only living period in my life. I do not want the mirror. I fear to meet the eyes of Fate within it; but I am *taking the photo to look at the child's face* and those *eyes*—what great difference such a pair of eyes would have made in my life! Good-bye.'

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Mighty as man may be, he cannot thwart Destiny. I do not know what happened to that ill-fated man after that. There could have been no future for him.

COLLEGE SERVICE

Preachers, First and Second Terms—1943-44

July	4	...	The Principal.
	11	...	Mr. Bingle.
	18	...	Rev. M. S. Adiseshiah.
	25	...	Mr. Varkey.
Aug.	1	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
	8	...	Rev. E. O. Shaw.
	15	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
	22	...	Mr. G. V. Job.
	29	...	Rev. T. G. Koshy.
Sept.	5	...	Rev. Paul Ramaseshan.
	12	...	Mr. S. P. Adinarayan.
Oct.	10	...	Rev. T. G. Platten.
	17	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
	24	...	Rev. R. S. Macnicol.
	31	...	Mr. Bingle.
Nov.	7	...	Rev. T. R. Foulger.
	14	...	Rev. M. S. Adiseshiah.
	21	...	Rev. D. Chellappa.
	28	...	Rev. S. W. Savarimuthu
Dec.	5	...	Rev. J. E. L. Newbigin.

THE COMMON COLD

BY B. P. R. VITHAL, *Class I, Gr. ii.*

A particularly pedantic friend of mine once described the common cold as a *multum in parvo* of a disease. I hate verbosity and nothing stood between me and my friend's 'head being chewn off' except A. G. Gardiner and my aged grandmother. It is A. G. G. who said that 'we carry big words in our heads for the expression of our ideas and short words in our hearts for the expression of our emotions'. These are heady days indeed! Cold gets to our heads as well as cant; whisky gets to our heads as well as victory; dogmas get to our heads as well as defeat. It is not merely Shaw that perpetually stands on his head, according to the cartoonist Max Beerbohm. All of us do. Shaw is with us and we are with Shaw. That is where he differs from Shakespeare. On the whole my motto for these days is 'Less head and a little more heart'. That is the only way I can admonish my friends because I cannot punish the many who are not my friends.

Then come to my Grandmother or shall I say go to the Tub of Diogenes? To you and to me both are the same, because sometimes before the cynic and the sceptic we have to throw up the sponge and keep quiet. They pin us to the wall from where we can only carry on a losing battle so long as it is given to us, that is to say, till the wall itself is blown off. I told her all the theories of Huxley and Haldane, Jeans and Jones. I didn't know they were all so many bayonets with which I could do anything except sit on them. Assault after assault the A.G.M. (aged grandmother) was able to bear with a forbearance and fortitude that would have shamed the United Nations. Her very calmness and indifference born of a certain inner conviction irritated me. I felt for a moment that a hero to be a hero must on occasions be foolhardy. So I delivered what I thought was the final blow, and ventured out with the statement that one day science will take on itself the functions of the Trinity in the Hindu Pantheon of creation, destruction, and re-creation. Before I could recognise the *faux pas* I had made from scientific speculation to religious prognostication, an insulted intelligence and an injured sanctimoniousness made my grandmother cry out, 'Fiddlesticks! With all your scientific balderdash, tell me what your medical science has as a remedy for the common cold—I mean the preventive not the curative. Tell me quick,' she persisted, 'for the Telugu proverb has it that the common cold is like ten diseases rolled into one.' I was not prepared for such a *reductio ad absurdum* taking the ground away from under my feet. Little did I recognise that the lamentable change from the best is to the worst and not to the bad. I could only falter and fumble into saying apologetically that the germ causing the common cold is not yet isolated but that research in this direction has well been on its way for some time now thanks to the efforts of Prof. Jennison of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology concerning the 'mechanics' of sneezing and droplet production! 'This gibberish is all the technique of defeat', muttered my A.G.M. and then disappeared into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the house. That's where the crux of the problem lies. Science cannot merely brag and get on. It must convince the grandmothers before proceeding forward.

Whatever that may be, I have a strong weakness for cold. I mean I would like to meet it half way and have it. But it doesn't come that way. Some there are who ape the Eskimo on the slightest change of weather. And yet cold catches them. Others there are who weather the weather and yet never come under the weather on account of cold. Common

cold seems to have the childish freak of acting by contra-suggestion. But it is a merciful and honest illness, whenever it comes. I have yet to be told of a person whose death was caused by cold. Similarly I have still to learn about a person who has escaped it while living. Over a world of oligarchical enjoyment, cold superimposes the democracy of common suffering by punishing and not altogether pilfering human beings. If cold were a king, it would do away with capital punishment as not affording opportunities for the betterment of human conduct.

It is an honest one too—not honest like the cat when the meat is out of reach but downright honest like the Mahatma. Other ailments brew within us first and then become evident. We don't know when internally we are heading for what might turn out to be a fatal disease. Cold does not know this diplomatic secretiveness. The march of deep design is always characterised by assumed silence. But the approach of cold is announced by a fanfare of sneezes and cough that cannot be mistaken. Then begins the great illusion of 'ten diseases in one', which really is no disease at all, if you ask me. Cold merely represents the gearing up or the gearing down of the human system from one state of health to another. What comes after cold is really more important than the cold itself. Man seems to have known this instinctively. He has only to know now that he has known. How else otherwise would he have corrupted the old saying 'If you feed a cold you will have to starve a fever' into the terser and probably the truer maxim 'Feed a cold and starve a fever'.

Every other disease is anti-social. We shudder to think of cholera or small-pox or typhoid. The plague patient is isolated and ostracised. Sanatoria for tuberculosis are built 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife'. Cold is not merely not anti-social. Like a few chosen beings on this earth, it wants to reach well beyond the field of 'soft and suffering virtue' and establish in human society permanent values through the practice of what the prude and the coward might call 'active sin'. Common cold is socially attractive. Some little bird whispers to some one of your friends that you are having a 'bad cold' and it gets going. Friends pour in and start with the ambiguous question 'How is your cold?', as if what matters is the cold and not your health. The whole atmosphere is saturated with the feeling of 'love me and love my cold'. For the time being, the weather, the latest picture and the cricket score are forgotten, for cold has the ability to shake your old loyalties and to exorcise your fads and hobbies. Common human sympathy flows in abundance and for once you realise that sympathy can be expended as an investment. Each one suggests his own remedy or recounts his own experience forgetful of the fact that cold goes as it comes and that meanwhile 'suffering is the badge of our tribe'. You yourself, the unprotesting receptacle of all this information, sit in the armchair muffled in flannels, colder than the cold itself, a very picture of self-pity, taking liberties with your friends when you can, by spreading the smell of Eucalyptus, which is not Eau de Cologne, by expectorating over their heads and by sneezing into your kerchief and treasuring it—a liberty, we are told that King Victor Emanuel of Italy never had as long as he was under the Duce. Is cold a breaker of social conventions and a bestower of small liberties too? But this I know, that it enables you to utter conveniently the socially necessary lie, which masquerades as truth.

'The Prime Minister is confined to bed with a severe cold' might mean anything. He might have taken a couple of days off to be at home with his much-neglected wife and children. Or it might be one way of expressing 'severe displeasure' with a certain Foreign Ambassador. Or it might well be that he is dictating the

King's Speech to the Parliament. Or it might possibly be that he is not confined at all or that he is confined elsewhere than to his rooms. In the case of humbler men, having a cold might mean looking to their private business or spending for the sake of spending, the unspent part of the casual leave or evading a big party where not so big men are shown their places.

It will be hard for you to believe that an attack of real cold makes you look more handsome than usual. Take it from me that cold adds to your charm while every other disease takes away from it. If you allow me to say so, your whole personality stands changed and improved and only when it is gone will you realise it. Your voice becomes deep and sonorous between the bass and the tenor, your words come out measured and dignified, your head swims with thoughts, your nose is without its slippery shine, your eyes acquire a droop that puts to shame an Ajanta picture or the slender-waisted beauty of the Bengali school of art and your whole face looks so refreshingly dry and clean that you begin to fall in love with yourself. A hint here to you in great confidence. Meet all this with a little studied *neglige* and stand before the mirror. You will find the picture of an Adonis awaiting the arrival of an Aphrodite. Somehow we are emotionally very highly pitched when cold is on. But let me leave that to be studied by those who are more competent.

PEACE

By Miss Indira Hensman, *Hons. 4, Br. iv.*

O shed thy silver mantle o'er the earth,
Set free a joyous, golden peal of mirth,
That we thy trumpet-call may ever cherish.
O Peace—hide not thyself or else we perish.
Let not the tyrant, War, thy iron bonds sever,
Let not the world in strife be plunged for ever.
O Peace—how serene thy crystal—radiant face,
O how exquisite thy quiet, harmonious grace!

O let thy trumpet-call ring loud and clear!
Set free our hearts from haunting, death-like fear,
From pride and lust and greed and love of gain,
And light in us thy shimmering, eager flame.
For once, O Peace, when in a lowly stall,
Was born a Babe who is the Lord of all,
A song was heard echoed from hill to hill,
'Praise in the height and on the earth good-will.'
This glorious call to us will never cease,
If hallowed by each human's shining Cross of Peace.

SOME COMMON BIRDS OF TAMBARAM

By A. S. Monie, *P.G. I., Br. v.*

Tambaram was not very rich in bird-life before the college moved to this place. But now it has become more suitable for birds than it was before. It is not the influence of the students or the staff that has attracted the birds but the change in the surroundings brought about by the buildings, planting of trees, playgrounds and fields. It can be said that birds prefer plenty of cover, big trees and open fields to jungles or deserts. Most of these conditions are amply provided for at Tambaram.

The birds of Tambaram can be broadly divided into residents and non-residents or migrants (like our residents and day-students). The residents are found throughout the year and the migrants go to other places after a period of stay here. This migration depends on a variety of factors, like food, climate and environment.

Let us take a survey of our resident birds. The mynah is as common as the crows and kites. There are many kinds of mynahs; but the most familiar one is the Brahminy mynah. It is a brownish bird with a crest of black hair and reveals white-tipped tail feathers during flight. We find it in flocks, strutting along on the ground along with the common mynah. The common mynah is a chocolate-brown bird with a conspicuous patch of yellow round the eyes and during flight reveals the white edge of the tail and a large white patch on the wing. These birds nest in the roofs of houses, holes in trees or wells and lay blue eggs.

Most of the readers are familiar with a noisy cheerful bird of an earthy-brown colour with a back crest, white-tipped tail and a red spot 'on the seat of his pants', as Eha says. This bird is the Red-vented Bulbul. It is a common garden and aviary bird and is usually caged because of its tinkling melodious song. There is a related bird, the Red-whiskered Bulbul, which is dark-brown above and white below with a white patch on the cheek. It has a crimson tuft below the eye and under the tail. There is another bulbul which looks very much like these in size but differs in being of an olive-brown colour with a white line over the eye. This magnificent songster is called the White-browed Bulbul and is less often met with than the others, not because it is fewer in number but because of its shyness. These bulbuls (all three) are perky little active birds with a wide distribution.

If the Robin Red-breast is the familiar bird of Britain, our Indian Robin is equally familiar here. This bird is found throughout the year and spends most of its time on the ground near houses. The male has a conspicuous white shoulder patch and is blacker than the female which has neither the white shoulder-patch nor the steely blue colour. It is a dull brownish-grey bird. These birds have a peculiar habit of holding the tail up revealing a chestnut patch at the vent. This habit of holding the tail up seems to be a family trait and is exhibited by other robins like the Magpie robin. The Magpie robin is a steely black bird with white underparts and white outer tail feathers. This too has a white shoulder-patch. Both these birds are sweet songsters. The Indian robin has a sharp cheerful whistle and the other one has a very melodious tripping song.

Sitting on the telegraph and telephone wires is the constant practice of various kinds of birds. Of these the King Crow is most familiar. It is a black slender bird with a forked tail and an aggressive look. It is very pugnacious and attacks all kinds of birds, even those far bigger than itself with the greatest confidence and ease. The King Crow attacks only

birds which are harmful to it like the kite and the crow. It is a sight to see these little birds racing after the retreating, speedy, elusive enemy. When it nests it is more pugnacious, attacking all passing birds. But still we often find such harmless birds as the Indian Oriole nesting in the same tree as the King Crow.

The Indian Roller is a bird which is often found perched on the top of the reservoirs and on telegraph poles and wires. A dull and inconspicuous bird though it is when sitting on the ground, the moment it takes to its wings we find it transformed into a bright blue bird with a pale bar on the wings. It is a bird of the open country preferring cultivated fields to the jungle. The breeding season is from February to July and pairs have been found frequenting the Science Block and nesting in the chimney often with great disaster to the parents themselves.

Another bird found in the company of the Roller and the King Crow perching on the telegraph wires is the Bee-eater. There are two kinds found in Tambaram. These are migrants to a certain extent and appear just after the rains begin. The Green Bee-eater can be easily identified by its long and slender shape, long beak and elongated central tail feathers. It has a coppery green plumage. The Blue-tailed Bee-eater can be distinguished from this variety by its larger size, chestnut throat, greenish underpart, and blue tail. Both these birds live in flocks and can be seen hawking insects on the wing. While in flight they utter sharp screeching cries. The Green Bee-eater can be seen at dusk sitting in flocks on the sandy foot-paths of the college compound. This, as Mrs. Barnes says, is one of the most glorious sights a bird-lover can see in Tambaram.

The wood pigeons of which there are two varieties, not easily distinguishable, are also found perching on the wires. These two are the Ring-dove and the Little Brown dove. These are birds of the jungle, and nest throughout the year. The wood pigeons are notorious for their careless nest-building, for their nest consists of a few sticks placed across one another. On this platform of sticks the bird lays two white, almost round eggs. These nests are often seen in the jungle. Another pigeon found here is the Blue Rock pigeon with which everybody is familiar. This is the bird which we find swarming the turrets of mosques and high buildings. It is easily distinguishable by its shining purple neck and slaty grey plumage. Its cooing (cru-croo-cru) can be heard at all times in the year.

When one takes a walk in the scrub jungle the following birds invariably attract one's attention—shrikes, partridges, quails, warblers and larks. Here we get three varieties of shrikes: the Bay-backed shrike, the Rufous-backed shrike and the Wood shrike. Of these the most conspicuous is the Bay-backed shrike. It is a small bird with a long tail, grey and white head with dark-brown wings, a black stripe through the eye and white underparts. If you see a slightly larger bird with an orange back and slightly paler wings but with the same sort of eye-stripe, you can be sure that that is the Rufous-backed shrike. The Wood shrike is an arboreal bird and is found in parties. It is a grey bird and has a dark band through the eye, with an ashy brown back and white outer tail-feathers. These shrikes attract our attention by their harsh loud cries which they emit from the top branches of a bush or tree and we see them easily because they have a habit of wagging their tails. It sits there always and occasionally comes down suddenly to gobble up some grasshopper or cricket and again goes back to the same branch. (See figure.)

If you go right into the bushes you will be suddenly surprised to see a large brown bird rising from the bushes at your feet and whirring off and settling again among the bushes farther off. It has a round stumpy body and all we

can see is the brown plumage and deep brown tail feathers. This bird is the Partridge. It is a resident bird and one can hear its loud metallic cackling almost every day. There is a similar bird in the compound which looks like a pocket edition of the partridge. The partridge is as big as a fowl but the Button quail though it looks exactly like the partridge in appearance is very small, almost as small as a lark.

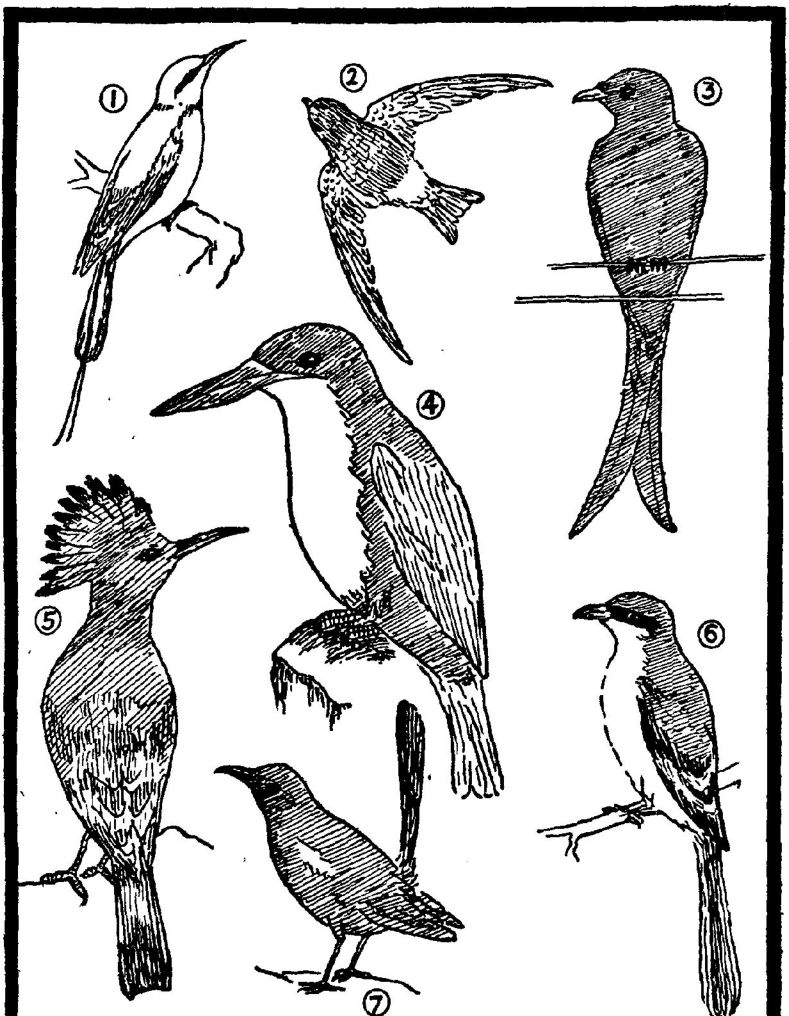
Of the larks there are three varieties or even more. Two of these are easily identifiable. The Ashy-crowned Finch Lark spends the day in tank-beds and marshy areas and in the evening comes to the walks and roosts there in flocks. It squats on the ground in shallow saucer-like depressions on unfrequented roads. A slightly bigger lark which also can be seen roosting on the walks is the Rufous-tailed Finch Lark. This bird does not have the black belly and throat of the Ashy-crowned one and is more reddish on the wings and back. The Rufous-tailed Finch Lark can often be seen parachuting in the air and singing its 'unpremeditated song' in quick succession. A third variety is even larger and can be found in flocks hopping about on the walks. This has a longer tail and is more brownish than the other two. This is the Bush Lark.

There are three kinds of Sunbirds frequently met with here. Many of them come into the Hall quadrangles and fly about sucking honey from the flowers and always chirping in a sharp little whistle. The Sunbirds can be identified by the long curved beaks and slender bodies. They have a habit of hovering near flowers. The male Purple sunbird is a shining purple bird which reflects the sunlight and often appears to be changing its colour. But this is only because of the reflection of the light-rays. The female is brown above with yellow underparts. The Purple-rumped sunbird is a bird of many colours. It has copper-coloured wings and a purple rump. The head is lilac-coloured and the throat is also of a bright purple colour. It has yellow underparts. The female is dull coloured with white throat merging into the yellow of the abdomen and vent. The third variety, the Loten's sunbird, is not so very common.

We find two kinds of kingfishers near the college. The White-breasted Kingfisher is a large bird with blue wings, chestnut head, back and belly and a white breast. The beak is of a reddish colour. The common kingfisher is a small bird with a blue upper plumage and with chestnut below. (See Illustration.)

Among the small birds which we find swiftly cutting through the air in the evenings mention must be made of the Red-rumped Swallow, the Swift and the Ashy Swallow shrike. The Red-rumped Swallow is not very common but can be found near the water tanks. It is a typical swallow and cannot be mistaken for any other bird. We have found it nesting under culverts here. Another bird which flies exactly like the Swallow is the Swift. Of these we see both the Palm Swift, a small dark ashy-coloured bird with long pointed wings and a short tail, and the Indian Swift, a larger bird of the same colour with a white rump. (See Illustration.) The Swallow shrike derives its name from the fact that it resembles the swallow in flight and habits. But it has an ashy-coloured plumage and is larger than the Swallow.

Among the branches of the casuarina and cashewnut trees can be seen two birds. One of them, a yellow bird with a green head and neck and black and white wing is the Iora. It can be easily identified by its long-drawn-out melodious whistle which can be syllabified thus—'wheeeeee-tu!' The other bird is the Coppersmith. It has a green body with black spots and a few patches of bright crimson on the throat and head. This also can be identified by its call, which is a monotonous metallic 'tonk, tonk'. . .



(1) The Green Bee-eater
(2) The Indian Swift
(3) The King Crow
(4) The White-breasted Kingfisher
(5) The Hoopœ
(6) The Shrike
(7) The Indian Robin

[By Mammen Mapillay].

The Hoopœ needs no introduction. It has a chestnut plumage with dark stripes intermixed with bars of white. Its crest can be considered its characteristic mark. The illustration will help one to identify it easily. The hoopœ can be seen sitting on the ground along with the wagtails which are found here only at certain seasons. It is a black and white bird with a long tail which it keeps wagging and this fact helps us to identify it.

Of the Cuckoos we have two varieties here. The more familiar one is a black big bird with a crest and white underparts. All those who have seen the Koel, which is not to be found here, can easily identify this bird by remembering its crest and white underparts. There is a less common bird, which is called the Green-billed Malkoha.

I have only mentioned the more common birds of this place which abounds with many more which are either not so common or so conspicuous. If this article is found interesting and useful the other birds can be described and some of these dealt with in more detail in a subsequent article.

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THE UNKNOWN BIRD

BY I. D. CHIDAMBARAM, *Class III, Gr. iv-b.*

At Courtallam, during the last summer vacation, I was quite unexpectedly joined by Mr. Barook, a college-mate of mine last year. He was studying in the 4th Hons. Class (Botany) and he insisted on my taking him to the Courtallam mountains on the morrow to gather some plants.

Accordingly, we set out with a servant-boy who carried our things—some rice and curry, two 'veshties' and our water-bottles filled with tea. We reached the foot of the mountain at 7 a.m. after having our early morning coffee and a little tiffin. We were bent upon climbing the grandest cliff of Shenbagadevi, a part of the most majestic mountain of Courtallam. We went quite cheerfully amusing ourselves by singing the songs of the poet Bharathi and filling the lonely moments with joy. As we got more and more into the interior we were struck by the mysterious calmness which reigned over the place, but the silence was now and then disturbed by the rustling of the wind or the cracking of the branches. The roaring of the waterfalls was constantly heard by us, and we began to feel the rays of the 'springing East' at about 10 o'clock. While we were thus advancing into the forest, we suddenly saw a monk on our way—who seemed to be half crazy—running and leaping on the 'zig-zag paths and juts of pointed rock', muttering and murmuring,

> 'Into the cage flies the unknown bird,
> It comes I know not whence,
> Powerless my mind to chain its feet,
> It goes I know not where.'

We halted and noticed him with wonder until he passed us. I looked at my friend's face. He looked at mine. Then we turned and saw the man far—far down below. After a little while we saw him disappearing among the bushes. We

were exceedingly perplexed at the sight. I had been often told by others about such wandering but harmless monks, who live mainly upon the fruits and the wild roots of those unknown forests, but that was the first time I met one.

Then we passed on. At one place we went on the wrong path but soon we traced out the correct one and at 12 noon we reached Shenbagadevi.

Nature seems to be reigning over that place, for, everywhere we look around we can find Nature in her true glory. It is a mountain-paradise and there the river flows 'with an unbroken leap' over a height of 50 ft. There the atmosphere is perpetually delightful. Sometimes some monks may be seen meditating in that great and lonely wilderness of Shenbagadevi. There is an old temple situated in the midst of the most wonderful and beautiful scenery. We hear the bees hum, the beetles drone, the parrots talk, and the pigeons coo. 'All the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.' The trees are laden with a constant harvest of luxuriant fruit and 'full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air'.

We placed all our things in that temple and asking the 'pujari' who was about to descend to the plain, to wait for us, we went to have our bath. We asked the servant-boy to pluck some wild berries that grew abundantly there and he immediately left us. My heart was filled with joy on seeing the undecaying bliss of solitude and I observed from the expression of my companion's countenance that he also felt very glad on seeing that splendid scenery. Our spirits were very much raised and we hastily threw off our garments and began to bathe. While we were bathing, our attention was suddenly attracted by a prolonged and horrible cry just a few yards away from us. Rushing out of the waterfall we hastened to the spot from where the sound came. We saw the 'pujari' standing horror-stricken.

'What is the matter?' cried my friend.

'B-o-y, B-o-y', stammered the 'pujari', 'Gone'.

'Gone, where?'

'Has been stung by a cobra!'

'Dead!' murmured I.

'He is not lost, I hope; but I fear, there is not much chance of his being saved' came the reply from the 'pujari'.

At a few yards' distance, we saw the boy lying on the ground nearly dying. The condition was too bad for first-aid. Our hearts sank within us. We removed his body from there and placed him on a rock in the clear sunlight. The 'pujari' watched him keenly. His heavy sigh and his look of blank despair told us that the boy was dead. Our feelings were too deep for us to weep. Suddenly the 'pujari' rose up and exclaimed, 'Remain here and watch over the corpse. I will deliver the news—that the bird has flown away from the cage—and bring the people from the plain', and he left us abruptly.

The sight of the monk flashed before my 'inward eye' and his words began to ring in my ears.

'Into the cage flies the unknown bird,
It comes I know not whence
Powerless my mind to chain its feet
It goes I know not where.'

Tears fell upon the stone we sat. At that time the sun hid himself in a dark cloud as if he felt poignant grief to see that pathetic sight.

SNORE-CURE

By S. V. S. Sastry, *Class I, Gr. ii.*

Was there any indication of his habit of snoring at night before the marriage? Even if there had been any, it would not have mattered much. The marriage would have taken place with the same pomp and splendour—for, what is there in a man's snoring at night to make him disqualified for marriage? It is, after all, not a great drawback. So, the marriage took place.

Now, however, the trouble is felt. Never could he be found awake after nine —never asleep silently after ten. For the first half an hour or so, he would be silent. Then the two lips would part of their own accord, the zig-zag teeth would exhibit themselves very proudly with the red stains of betel covering them and a peculiar sound very nearly resembling the sound produced by two big cats fighting would make her jump from bed. Then would follow the usual pushing, the response of the man (with a groan, he would turn to the other side)—a pinch on the leg, a shriek, a jump and an exchange of hot words, weeping, sobbing (which ultimately would fade into sleep again). And within half an hour the snoring would be resumed.

For how many days could she suffer this kind of treatment? After all, she was also human. She required undisturbed rest and sleep. Why should she put up with the snoring man any more? She would not sleep with the 'snore' (on the analogy of 'bore'). So, she straightaway left for her mother's home after a long discussion on the subject. The only response he gave was a pitiable stare as she got into the bullock cart. That night he slept before eight.

* * * *

Suddenly the father got up. He had been hearing the same sound for a long time coming from the room in which his daughter was sleeping. He woke his wife and she said she also had been hearing the same sound for a short time. What could it be? Now it was like the grunt of a pig, then a pause, then a long sigh like that of a furnace, and again a repetition. With a lamp in the left hand and a fan in the right he softly walked into the room with the old woman. He looked searchingly all around. Nothing but the figure of a woman, with lips slightly parted, the blanket covering her up to the neck could they see. They could not believe it. The mother went closer to clear her doubt. Indeed it was from her, the woman who chose to part from her snoring husband! The old couple returned to their beds and many thoughts, plans and dreams succeeded one another in the old brains till the next day dawned on the little village.

In the afternoon after all the womenfolk that had come to have a leisurely afternoon chit-chat had gone, and when only the mother and the daughter were left, the old woman began indirectly, but soon had to remark that a kind of snoring was supposed to have been heard from her. This charge was not accepted. The sound might have been from the ditch outside, from the tamarind tree in the backyard, from the neighbour's house. But the patience of the old soul could not last long as she received such a flat denial of the fact. She flew into a fury and began cursing herself, her eyesight, her hearing, her health, followed lastly by a prayer to Him to take her away from this wretched world where even a daughter had begun to doubt her mother, which no one had dared to do in the course of her long life of sixty years.

The daughter also played her part very well. Curses on the foolish God who caused her to be born in this world as a woman, on her fate which bound her to a snoring husband, and which made even

her parents doubt that she herself snored, even though it might be due to a cold and at last a continued blowing of the nose, wiping of the tears and a threat that soon her useless life would be ended because of the kindness of the man who had built the old well in the backyard followed one after another in such vehemence and force that the old man just entering understood quite clearly that no fire would be lit in the oven that day and his poor stomach would have to go empty that night. The experienced man knew that any attempt to calm any of the two would result in making the dialogue more bitter. So, that night the daughter slept in the same saree that she had on with her elbow as a pillow, on the same spot where she had stood while the old woman had so unsympathetically spoken of her snoring. The kitchen furnished a very good sleeping place for the old woman. The old man was left to spend the night in his old room. At midnight could be heard a repetition of the notes of the melodious snoring of the previous night in a higher pitch; and at first the old woman who was still awake was startled. She feared she could sleep no more in the kitchen, so near her snoring daughter. She went to her room and bolted the doors and introduced some cotton into both her ears. In an hour she was fast asleep.

The next day began as usual. The old woman bathed to cook food, the daughter fetched flowers from the garden for the '*pooja*', and the old man went with his almanacs into the village to try his luck.

The husband had received no letters from her. She might be ill. But why couldn't the old man have written about it? He would go at once and bring her back. It was long since she had left and she had said she would return in a few days (in which few days, she had thought, the man might improve and cease to snore). So he started.

It was very late in the night when he reached his father-in-law's village. He would have gone to sleep by this time and would have been scaring away rats, had he been at home; but the jerking in the cart and the incessant talk of the cartman on various subjects did not allow sleep to embrace him. What was it that he had first heard climbing the steps? It was no doubt the whining of a dog about to begin a thunder of barking. Was there a pet in the house? He was afraid; it might pounce on him and it would not be nice to fight dogs in the presence of one's mother-in-law. So, calling to the dog with a friendly 'chchoo-chchoo' he tapped at the door with the end of a whip. But no response was to be heard, till at last, forgetting about the dog in his anger at the way in which he, the son-in-law, was being treated, he banged the door. And presently it was opened by his wife herself. His anger vanished but the doubt returned, and the first question he asked was if they had a pet dog. She was naturally amazed and went out with the lamp to make sure no dog was in the courtyard. Now he was left alone and from the next room the sound of whining and squeaking was to be heard distinctly. He got a little frightened and cried for the lamp to be brought at once. Blushing, she brought it. The pale light of the lamp cleared all his doubts and suspicions. The sound was from the old couple They were snoring.

THE STUDY OF NUMISMATICS

By R. K. Samson, *Hons. 4, Br. iii.*

I

A sense of indistinctness and uncertainty accompanies all attempts to glimpse into the remote past in which only at distant intervals can one descry a ray of light amidst the encircling gloom. This statement is especially applicable to the present subject. Till very recently there were few, if any opportunities of studying archaeology systematically under qualified guidance; didactic treatises or professional teachers did not exist; only by a wide range of reading in expensive books and journals could the student obtain a practical grasp of the subject. Much has already been done and much more remains, but whatever is to be done must be done as early and as systematically as possible. The habit of observation needs to be cultivated so that nothing of moment may slip past us. There is an endless variety of old coins floating about in the bazaars and annually it is to be feared hundreds if not thousands of them precious in the cause of truth are ruthlessly melted down to make earrings and bangles.

The study of numismatics forms but one aspect of the study of archaeology. The amount of material for study of this kind is simply immense. Mr. Robert Sewell in his two-volume work and Rapson in his catalogue of Indian coins have shown how extensive the material is, and the most casual look over the lists therein published shows that valuable results cannot but follow from careful and patient investigation. The material for such study has the added advantage of being near at hand. Scarcely any considerable village but has within its temple precincts some inscription or copper plate or cannot boast of some oral traditions of the older times. Many a village has within a radius of two miles some ancient inscription or landmark worth looking up and enquiring about. Many a family has its old traditions often supported by some copper plate SASANAM which is preserved with all religious veneration and would likely enough serve to confirm or explain some questioned point of historic narrative.

Coins, too, in large variety and number are everywhere to be found and furnish to the patient investigator and thoughtful student subject matter for much pleasant and profitable study. Many a valuable coin is going into the melting pot and carrying into eternal silence its testimony of a past in regard to which we fain would know all that it could tell us. It is still true as the late Dr. Burnell said (long years from now) that it is of far more importance for the present that existing monuments of historical value should be collected and preserved from destruction than that very much time should be spent in their study. It will never be too late for patient study of what may be accumulated, but it is daily becoming too late to save many a valuable coin and inscription from effacement. Every name added to the lists of those interested in this subject is one more who will do something, though it may be little, to save from destruction those monuments which alone can reconstruct for us past history. It was a past as teeming with life as ours, as full of heroic living, as earnest in the struggle for the solutions of life's old yet ever new problems, as the life of today. Its faiths were as noble; its social life as pure; its architecture and arts as worthy as much that is lauded today. How can we coldly and unconcernedly call it a dead past and turn from it in despair when it may in some large and true sense be renewed and made to live again for us in the monuments which remain?

II

To many who have *never* given attention at first to the study of numismatics, an old coin has no attraction further than its brightness or beauty to the eye, or intrinsic value if it chances to be of a precious metal—gold or silver. But underneath the observable brightness and beauty or the unsightly rust, as the case may be, lies to the eye of the student a testimony to the forgotten past which is of far more value than the mere metal of the coin.

It would of course be easy enough to prepare a catalogue of South Indian coins or the coins of any other country and of the symbols they bear, but that would not be in any sense a proper treatment of them. What students of *numismatics* as a science subservient to the progress of historical research expect, is something specific and really useful regarding these imprints of primitive ideas. The origin of their symbols has to be ascertained, the appropriateness of their adoptation has to be vindicated, their numismatic significance has to be elucidated, the indications they afford of the monetary system to which *they belong ascertained*, and the information they furnish regarding the peculiar phases and modes of *thought*, habit and customs of the people and the period of their existence, recorded. It is the man confronted with facts, assertions and testimony offered with varying degrees of authority, who knows how to test them, discard what seems false and evaluate what seems true.

III

Many interesting discussions have come down to us through the pages of historical journals and text books and such other publications over some sort of coin—Greek or Roman. And it is thrilling to watch what thoughts these unsightly things evoke in the beholder. Here is an illustration: 'Let me set before you a coin of gold, beautiful indeed in itself, but more beautiful as a *testimony to a long forgotten past.* It is a coin from Rome—proudly calling herself the eternal city. In the year 86 of our Christian era, Rome was at the height of her power. There is attached to it an interest almost romantic. At the time when it was current it told of a mighty Empire—an empire the mightiest the world had then known. Her commerce was upon every sea. Even far-away India sent an ambassador from the court of the Pandyan King in Madura to the Cæsar on the golden throne of Rome. As we look at the clear-cut outlines of the coin does it not seem almost as if through a golden portal we could catch a vista down the ages gone, as we see, as in a vision—the eternal city with its seven hills crowned with noble buildings, its streets busy with the tread of hurrying people, its senate halls and academic porches eloquent with the wit and wisdom of its philosophers; its forum ringing with the acclamation of popular applause, and its camps clanging with the martial sound of spear and shield?'

The silent testimony of the golden piece engraved with Cæsar's name is not less potent than the testimony of that system of Roman law by which the civilised world of today conducts its civil procedure. For nigh two thousand years it has bided its time, laid forgotten where it was dropped by some trader or soldier, to come at last to a worthy resurrection and to the full joy of being appreciated. What is its gold value of a few paltry rupees compared to its value as a testimony to the past? Here in its person is a little golden piece of Rome. What may it not have seen in its early days? Through whose hands may it not have passed when Romans ruled the world? The sunshine which fell in beauty upon the eternal city is reflected in its face; the stern, serene, forceful traits of Roman character look out as if stamped but yesterday; its metal value may be little, but its value as a witness to the past is beyond comparison, its evidence

none can controvert and none can falsify.

IV

Whether it is an attractive science because of the objects presented to the eye or not, yet in the importance of its results, the study of coins is generally admitted to be of great service and by those who are familiar with historical study it is valued exceedingly high. 'The coins of a nation, says an historian, 'have been not inaptly compared to a State Gazette—published by Authority—in a much larger sense than that in which the phrase is generally used, upon whose golden and silver leaves are impressed the almost ineffaceable lineaments of Kings and Queens; Emperors; heroes and Princes; the outline—genealogies of dynasties, long forgotten; the names and so the dates of battlefields, upon whose turning turned the fate of thousands and in whose fiery crucible was tried the metal of national character, the art, the manners, even the morals of the nation'. In some cases the geographical extent of forgotten kingdoms has been determined from coins alone; coins have more than once been the means of determining the character of an alphabet, whose key has been long lost, but upon whose reading would depend many an ancient and valuable inscription. It is as if uncounted treasures have been secured under one vast alphabet lock, whose one combination of letters or key to its unlocking has been lost, till suddenly upon some coin or medal appeared the talismanic combination which at once, and as if by magic, unlocked the hidden treasures of the long-forgotten and voiceless past. Such was the case with regard to the Greco-Bactrian Kingdom which rose upon the wrecks of the Great Alexander's conquest of Northern India. For centuries the world knew nothing of Alexander's conquest of the East, save what the Grecian authors had hinted, but there came a day when from the careful and patient study of the coins, the talisman was found which could unlock what India herself could tell of Alexander's rise—a rise like that of a brilliant rocket flashing upon the darkness of the midnight sky, flashing but to illumine for a moment and then burst out in shivering glory. From coins alone has been deciphered the record of what Alexander's short-lived kingdom grew to be under the generals whom he left to administer it. As has been well said by the writer of an old Pioneer 'Out of these battered and time-worn relics much of the history of the connection of the Greeks with the East, and the (early) Buddhist and Brahmanical times have been built up, piece by piece.' In short the elucidation of a great part of the history of India's progress rests on the victories won by the science of numismatics which in India more than in any other country has been the hand-maid of historical enquiry. It is mainly from coins that we have learned what we do know about the Greco-Bactrian kingdoms and we can watch in the gradual transition from the artistic representation of Greek deities on the coinage of the purely Greek princes, to the representation of the sacred bull and the elephant of India's art, the progress of these kingdoms from the highlands of Central Asia to the Indus and the Jumna. Another series marks the fall of the Indo-Greek Empire before the sword of the Scythians; later again we notice the success of the Indo-Scythians in the series of coins which came from the mints of the kings of Kashmere, the Guptas, the Satraps of Guzarat and Rajput monarchies of Delhi and Kanauj, and finally coming on to modern times, we trace in these fascinating relics, the long panorama of Mohammedan Empire down to that miserable series of drivelling puppets who carried on the line of the so-called emperors after the star of mighty Aurangazeb had begun to pale before the rising sun of Maratha Power.

INSCRUTABLE NATURE

By M. THIAGARAJAN, *B.Sc. Hons. 3, Br. v.*

It was a Sunday afternoon, about three o'clock. The sky was clear and the sun was shining bright. The atmosphere was still. Probably, many of the students had gone to the city. The others were either sleeping or doing their work quietly in their rooms. An unusual calmness prevailed over the Hall. I was sitting in my room and was looking out through the window. All on a sudden the calm was disturbed by the shrieking sound of some small animal in great agony. I understood what the cry exactly was. Opening the door I saw a young squirrel struggling desperately between the deadly beaks of a crow. He was sitting on the tree just opposite my room and on my approach the fellow flew away from my sight. 'He wouldn't have gone far' I said to myself and ran out from the Hall. I searched for the crow among the trees with a stone in my hand. A loud desperate shriek guided me and I went near that tree. The crow was there very busy at his work. I hurled a stone at him who in his puzzle dropped his prey and flew away. The abdomen of the young animal was torn open and the whole body was bleeding. I sat down and looked at it. With a few final kicks of its limbs, it passed away from the wicked world where it first saw light not very long before.

I rose up and went to my room and threw myself on the chair. I was greatly disturbed in mind. To satisfy my conscience, I tried and tried in vain to imagine that I had saved the squirrel. I was drowsing and felt as if I was in dreamland and similar incidents came rushing into my mind.

* * * *

One fine evening I was sitting on the sandy bank of my village pond looking at the glorious sun gradually descending down the horizon with all his golden rays. I was suddenly startled by a sound and my eyes fell upon a bird. It was a king-fisher with his black and disproportionately large beak and the beautiful white and black bands on its body. It was flying with its head at a standstill, beak pointed down towards the water and the body shaking this way and that way on account of the fluttering of the wings. Suddenly it dropped into the water and disappeared for a moment. Soon it came out with a fish in its beak. An eagle which was sitting on the tree started on his wings. There ensued a chase and the little bird did not yield to the mighty pursuer but flew round and round the tank. I thought that the fish would drop into the water and escape. But the king-fisher swallowed the fish on the way and the disappointed eagle ceased chasing it.

* * * *

It was ten o'clock on a mid-December day. The sky was cloudy after the night's rain. I left my house and went to see my friend. He was standing outside, looking at the sky. His pet pigeon was flying high up there. It was a splendid bird indeed, and had won him many bets. No wonder that he used to boast of it always. On my approach he turned round and returned my smile in the usual way. 'The fellow will not come down', he said with a proud face. I was also looking at the pigeon and its magnificent flight. All on a sudden the bird turned back terrified and flew violently. We found a vulture coming fast aiming at our bird. My friend whistled and made all other sorts of noises to frighten the vulture. All this was in vain, for, the fellow went his own way and knocked off the pigeon. For a moment my friend stood breathless with his eyes wide open, looking in the direction in which the bird flew. Suddenly he ran into his house and, before I could enter the house, he came

out with his gun. A look of vengeance radiated from his face. He hastened in the direction of the bird and I followed him. We did not talk a word, but the little boys who followed us at a distance were whispering to one another. Soon we reached the banyan grove, our destination. My friend, who was going far in advance, stopped and looked up at one of the trees and taking aim pulled the trigger. Before I could hear the report of the gun, the vulture came down with the remnants of his prey. My friend saw only the bones and feathers of his dear, dear bird. 'The fellow should be cut to pieces,' said he, giving vent to his wrath. Then we quietly returned home.

* * * *

I understood the truth and returned from my dreamland. All the animals and birds in the world enjoy life and 'follow the laws of Nature which ordained that they should both prey upon one another and be preyed upon themselves.' If the crow should kill the squirrel it is Nature and not the crow who is responsible for it. The vulture is provided with strong claws and beak by Nature only to prey upon other birds. Why has Nature given webbed feet, oily feathers and a large beak to the sea-fisher except to find his daily bread in some carelessly wandering fish? Our interference in these matters is foolish and often results in a twofold waste. Indeed, that one kind of animal should eat another is a bountiful law of Nature and without this the world cannot go on.

TWO DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES

Macbeth

To present a Shakespearean tragedy on the stage is by no means a light undertaking; but our College Dramatic Society under Mr. Macphail's able guidance accomplished this feat by acting 'Macbeth' with heartening success at Anderson Hall on the 20th of November. The hall was packed to the full and many students and teachers from our sister colleges in the city had come in spite of the threatening weather.

To save time, a number of scenes were left out, as well as portions of speeches. The play opened with the third scene where Macbeth and Banquo meet the three weird sisters on the heath. In the dim light with their dark costume, the witches looked weird enough. The selection and omission of scenes showed admirable judgement and taste. Among the scenes omitted may be mentioned the murder of Banquo by the ruffians and the still more gruesome slaughter of Macduff's child. Scenes like these only add to the element of horror. As we could easily see, the real tragic effect of the play does not suffer by their omission.

K. Varugis made an impressive Macbeth on the whole. He had already made a reputation as a very talented actor and that night he fully kept up this reputation. There were certainly minor lapses. In the third scene when the witches prophesy that Macbeth shall be king, he starts. This starting is the indication, not merely of stunning surprise, but to a great extent, of an already guilty conscience—of a mind that has already contemplated wading through blood to the throne. It is of course very difficult to reproduce this on the stage with the proper emotional effect and no wonder there was a little artificiality in the actor's rendering of the reaction.

It may also be mentioned that Varugis did not quite succeed in bringing out the

poetic beauty and grandeur of certain passages in the play. Two prominent instances may be pointed out; the passage in which Macbeth laments after the murder of Duncan that he has murdered sleep and that he shall sleep no more, and then the well-known words spoken by Macbeth when he hears that Lady Macbeth is no more:

Tomorrow and tomorrow
and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty
pace from day to day, etc.

When it is remembered, however, that Macbeth is a really difficult character to act, Varugis must be congratulated on his eminent performance. In some scenes he was superb, as in the scene where Macbeth imagines he sees a dagger before him, when he sees the ghost of the murdered Banquo at the banquet-table and when towards the end he is told that the invading army is near and in a spirited speech he exclaims he will fight. These scenes were among the highlights of acting that night.

Mrs. Macnicol sustained the difficult role of Lady Macbeth with very great success. It is true she had not the stalwart and rather awe-inspiring figure of the Lady Macbeth of our imagination, and that harshness and frigid severity did not show themselves as much on her face or in the ring of her voice as one could expect in that colossal character. The scene in which she showed most restraint and skill was the sleep-walking scene in Act IV. The audience was in a state of breathless silence; though she spoke in a soft, low tone, she was perfectly audible, and as she retired, there was a peal of hearty applause. This spontaneous expression of appreciation was as much a tribute to Mrs. Macnicol's excellent acting as to the correct taste and judgement of the audience itself.

Mayan's representation of Macduff was quite good. Alley impressed well as the young prince Malcolm; and R. J. Chandy and Raja Ramanna played the parts of Banquo and Ross quite satisfactorily. Mani who represented the Doctor was not quite audible. Among the witches S. John was most noteworthy, and he also made a perfect murderer.

Side by side with skill in acting, our Dramatic Society displayed a rarer virtue —technical skill in the management of scenes. Scene followed scene punctually without any awkward gaps; the lights were put on or put off at the right moment; and all this contributed in no mean way to the success of the performance. We were singularly fortunate in having a natural background for the play—the crash of thunder and the pattering of rain on the roof—for which we have to thank the hideous weather of the evening.

The President of the Dramatic Society wishes me to convey his special thanks to a number of people who contributed to the success of the performance by their labour and assistance. Mrs. Bingle took entire charge of the costumes and we thank her for and congratulate her on her excellent management of this important branch of work. We also thank Mr. K. M. George and Mr. B. A. S. Mani who made all the arrangements for selling tickets and seating the audience, Messrs. Balakrishnan and T. C. Krishnan, who managed the curtain and the lights with quiet efficiency, Mr. Unnikrishna Menon who gave much help with make-up and 'properties', Mr. S. Krishnan, who was that rare thing, a completely reliable prompter, and finally Mr. George Abraham who was in charge of the music.

Mr. F

After witnessing the story of Macbeth's meteoric rise and fall, it was a relief to see the light play 'Mr. F' acted. The story is of an impecunious musician Victor Trellis and his wife who one night invoke the blessings of Beethoven by playing the opening bars of the Fifth Symphony. Instead of Beethoven, Mr. F

enters their room through the window. This gentleman plays the magnanimous role of Fate before the couple, but in the end he turns out to be a burglar.

Mr. Platten played the part of Mr. F. and he looked imposing in his impersonation of Fate. Mr. Macnicol represented Victor Trellis and Mrs. Platten his wife. Mr. Santwan was the Jewish landlord.

K.R.C.

HALLS

Bishop Heber Hall

Since the last report our life in the Hall had a placid run till it bubbled up again in all its glory when our Hall-Day came. A cricket club was started but unfortunately it had to end when the bat met its end. The Hall Bulletin has had two issues so far and has shown very encouraging improvements with more contributors coming in.

We began the second term with our Warden, Rev. Platten, happily back with us much benefited by his furlough. He took charge of the Hall from Dr. Adiseshiah, our Sub-Warden who had carried on ably during the previous term. Very soon the wheels were set moving in connection with our Hall-Day. The floods and the breaches did not hinder us much. The moonlight was good enough for our business meetings. But there was little chance, so every one thought, of the breach being made good by the 6th of November—the date proposed for the Hall-Day. Therefore the Hall-Day was postponed a week further. It proved to be a blessing in disguise and we are very thankful for it; for, on the night of the 6th November, there was a terrible downpour.

The following day or two being wet we were naturally very apprehensive. Every Heberian hoped and prayed that a clear day and a fine night be granted to us for our Hall-Day and we were not disappointed. As the 13th drew nearer the pulse of the Hall seemed to beat faster.

The inter-block tournaments made the evenings and mornings periods of general excitement and interest and provided a fair index of our chances in the Inter-Hall tournaments. Elocution Competitions in English and Telugu were arranged and it must be confessed that the response was not very encouraging. The Tamilians were inexplicably lethargic and have lost their chance.

Then at last dawned the 13th, a calm, clear day. Mr. Robert and his Decoration Committee did their work in a smart little scale. The Hall-Day Celebrations began with the Commemoration Service in our Chapel at 11 a.m. The Warden addressing the members stressed our indebtedness to the past and urged that we in our turn should put the future in our debt. The festive part of the celebrations began at 5 p.m. with tea. Messrs Burder, Kalimuthu and a number of volunteers had to put in an amount of hard labour in making satisfactory arrangements to seat the 500 or so people we had for tea. Mr. O. Pulla Reddi, I.C.S., Commissioner, Corporation of Madras, was the chief guest of the evening and he presided over the meeting that followed the tea. The General Secretary proudly presented a report detailing the high and happy things in the life of the Hall during the past year and there were not a few bright feathers to the cap of old Heber. The Rev. Boyd, our Principal, congratulated us on our progress. The Chairman in his speech asserted that out of the

present turmoil much good would result to Our Land and envisaged an important role for India along with China in the New Order of the post-war Asia. He hoped that the gathering before him, the young intelligentsia of the country, would contribute in no mean measure towards the establishment and success of that New Order.

The variety entertainment with which the celebrations came to a close was a pronounced success. The Entertainment Secretary and all the actors and producers are to be congratulated. After being the first to stage vernacular pieces, now we have the distinction of being the first to bring out an Urdu farce with success in this world of ours in Tambaram. The versatile Francis acting as rogue, Hitler and the drunken singer in three different languages, Tamil, 'German' and Hindi made the largest single contribution to the gaiety of the evening and Pasha as the rather good-looking aunt, the spirited interpreter of the Tambaram Hitler, and as one of revellers in the Hindi farce was his very close rival indeed. Our congratulations to them. Our Warden also deserves credit for his well-directed and equally well-acted English play. We offer our thanks to all who contributed in measures, small or great, to the success of the function. Incited by the very natural desire to emulate us, our Sister Halls, we are sure, will give us excellent Hall-Days when their turn comes. The best of luck to them.

After the bustle and excitement of the Hall-Day, the days following are naturally dull. The vagaries of electric supply are getting on our nerves so to say, and are very irritating and 'nuisancical'. We hope that they might have a negative catalytic action on our Reverend Principal and all the host of conscientious paper-setters for the December Examinations. Well then, and s'long.

G. R. Karat,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

Hallo, everybody, this is Selaiyur calling all listeners to the special *Devali News Bulletin.*

Contrary to all our expectations, the second term was a very eventful one. We have a lot of things to congratulate ourselves on.

First we extend our hearty congratulations to our enthusiasts in the U.T.C. who usurped the major promotions. We compliment our new under-officers Serjeant-Major, Serjeant and a dozen corporals. We wish all the enthusiasts a very happy time at the camp.

We acknowledge with a deep sense of complacency the appreciation of the Rural Service League and the College Dramatic Association of the distinguished part our actors played in the two respective entertainments. History was made when we had a combined entertainment with Bishop Heber and history repeated itself (though under slightly changed circumstances) when we produced another in conjunction with the 'Thomasites'.

The 'keep-fit' classes which begin at 6 a.m. and go on until 9-45 a.m. keep us perfectly fit in body, soul and mind. Our morning exercises, our corporate prayers, and our preparation classes provide very good scope for our young minds to develop all round.

Our fortnightly meetings have been unique in their achievements. Two graduates, Lieutenant Bennet from Oxford and Lieut. Booklace from Cambridge, gave each a talk on the life in these two great universities, with the aid of illustrations. These lectures were well attended and appreciated greatly by members of all the three Halls. Our grateful thanks to these two gentlemen.

The members are having very good time in the Messes. Our Hall tournaments, indoor and outdoor, are being carried out with great enthusiasm and interest.

On the whole we in Selaiyur had this term the fascination and interest that all free life affords.

We are proud to record the sacrifice that some of our members made in providing themselves for careful incision and study by the Madras Medical College students at the General Hospital. (Thanks to the doctors they are alive.)

We congratulate Bishop Heber Hall for its very successful Hall day.

Before we close we take this opportunity of wishing you all a happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

Good bye everybody,

R. K. SAMSON,
Secretary.

SOCIETIES

The Union Society

'Man proposes, God disposes.' The truth of this sweeping maxim was borne out with staggering sternness this term. Our schemes for intense activity were sabotaged by the unexpected offensive of that amphibious fifth-columnist—flood. The wide breaches that isolated railway communications between Mambalam and Saidapet also isolated prospective speakers from Anderson Hall. Surely, you can't expect me to entreat Sri X or Sri Y to perform gymnastics on the 'smooth' railway track and practise long-jump over the breach! But for Heaven's sake don't imagine this is only a casualty communique. We have scored an important victory. On the 25th October, Anderson Hall was packed to the full to listen to a debate on the subject: 'In the opinion of the House experience and commonsense support the view of our elders who placed Woman in the Kitchen'. Mr. Ramakrishna Pai moved the resolution with consummate eloquence and the counter-attack emanated from Srimathi Indira Hensman. Deacon Abraham and Sri C. B. Motaiya supported the resolution, with and without the mike respectively. Sri Mathew Tharakan, the experienced man, indiscriminately bombarded the views of the opposition. Miss Bedford and Srimathi Anna Mathew delicately decimated the resolution while Mr. Jagadeesan lent powerful 'air-cover'. Several supplementary speakers kept the teeming audience in merry suspense. When the sun set on the sanguinary battle-field the opposition had capitulated honourably. Mr. E. J. Bingle acted as the observer and healed the wounds of the combatants by his touching words. The student-chairman, Sri K. N. Raj, presided.

Rev. R. R. Keithan, who was to have addressed the Society on November 3rd was unfortunately externed from Madras.

My heartfelt thanks are due to Rev. Boyd for his earnest co-operation, to Sri J. Vedasiromani for his valuable help and to the Department of Physics for the use of the microphone. Extraordinary circumstances influence and limit our activities but the understanding and co-operation of the students and the staff will spur us on to greater efforts.

K. R. SUNDAR RAJAN,
Secretary

The Women Students' Union

The Women Students' Union is the first of its kind started in the history of the college. It answers a long-felt need of the women students of the college.

At first a General Body Meeting was held in July when Mrs. Macnicol was elected unanimously as the President. The other office-bearers are:—Miss

Ratna Bai, Secretary; Miss R. Bedford, Assistant Secretary and Miss Theophilus, Treasurer.

Our Inaugural address was delivered by Srimati V. T. Lakshmi (Vigilance Association) on August 12th, with the Rev. Boyd in the chair.

A second speaker for the term was Miss Helier, Supt., Gnanodaya School, St. Thomas' Mount. An interesting talk on 'Art as a Hobby' was given.

The activities of the Union are spread over the week. On Tuesdays, general lectures by speakers in and around Tambaram; on Wednesday mornings, discussions, religious, social and political; on Wednesday evenings, Games and on Friday evenings, Village visiting—when games are organised for children and sewing and hygiene are taught.

Our Union is very young—but we hope to expand our activities as we progress—our progress may be slow but sure!

RATNA BAI,
Secretary.

Christian Union

Some felt the need for a fellowship in the S.C.M. providing more scope for those who have decided to devote themselves to the Service of God in and through the Church. The provincial S.C.M. formed a Student Missionary Union (S.M.U.) to meet the needs of such students. A branch was formed in our college and Mr. John. T. Ramakrishnan was elected Secretary. After its formation the group met and the Rev. Boyd, the Rev. Macnicol and Dr. Adiseshiah explained what the call meant to them. This group meets every Wednesday morning in the Selaiyur Hall prayer room for a short intercession for the various Missionary enterprises in different parts of the world and especially in India. A Missionary breakfast was held when Mr. K. K. Chandy of the Youth Christian Council of Action spoke to them.

The Social activities of the Union started again this term with the usual zeal. Sunday schools are being conducted regularly in Pallavaram and Tambaram. Study Circles are being conducted regularlay in the three halls. We are now beginning to realize that real concentrated Christian study is a part of direct action. Our members are attending the Madras Youth Council conferences regularly. The last such conference was held on 23rd October, the theme of the Conference being the 'Youth Charter'. This study is supplemented by the members helping whole-heartedly in all the activities of the rural service league. Owing to the inconveniences caused by the recent floods, we were not able to bring speakers for Devotional Services. We hope to have one before the end of this term.

The annual provincial Camp of the S.C.M. was held in Chingleput. The subject was 'The Contemporaneity of Christ'. In the mornings we considered the perplexing problems of our nation, modern knowledge and modern living and in the evenings we considered the Contemporaneity of Jesus. More than 140 students from our College attended the camp. This significant achievement was the outcome of constant and incessant prayer. An echo meeting was held on Sunday, 7th November, when several students gave their own personal experiences of the Camp.

We are sure that the Camp has left something concrete in the minds of those who attended it. Christ has spoken to many during these days. It is up to us, members of the S.C.M., to hold high the torch of Christian love in a world of enmity and strife.

H. F. J. DANIEL,
General Secretary.

Rural Service League

The last three months have been a time when suffering and starvation have

increased in rural areas over the whole country. In our sixteen villages, the worst period was in August and September, before the first harvest. One evening, as we entered a village, we saw the villagers, men and women, returning tired, hungry, starving after ten hours' dreary search for food. Most of them had starved for three or four days and all for twenty-four hours. They mobbed us and begged us for food. On top of this, cholera broke out in our locality, but immediate preventive measures taken by our College Medical Officer, Dr. Thomas, and by the Rural Service League workers, prevented the infection from spreading. During the past month the situation has considerably eased in *our* villages. The first crops, ragi and paddy, have been very good in our district, and the emergency landing ground construction is providing employment.

During the first two months of this report, itches and sores, epidemics due to under-nourishment, fevers and abdominal complaints, were very common in all the villages. The rural medicine chests have to be continually replenished. The increased cost of medicine has made the normal income from the Madhva Fund, from which our medicine chests were furnished, insufficient for our requirements. During this period the College doctor performed two successful operations of septic cases, a leper was sent to the Saidapet clinic, and three serious cases to the General Hospital. Bishop Heber Hall and the Lecturers' Colony Unions working in Tiruvencheri, Mappedu and Kadapperi had the most work to do in this sphere.

Our literacy work has been slowly expanding after the set-back suffered during the past two terms. Village meetings in Tiruvencheri, Mappedu, Selaiyur, Tambaram and Irumbaliyur, organised by the Youth Leagues in the villages and by the four Rural Service Unions, were attended by parents, school teachers and school boys. Books and slates were distributed to poor and deserving children. But the attendance at all the day schools is very small. In Tiruvencheri it is 25% of the usual, in Selaiyur about 60%. During the first two months starvation was responsible, now it is the aerodrome demand for labour. Our students in their daily visits try to persuade the villagers to send their children to school regularly. The St. Thomas's Hall Rural Service Union has reopened two well-attended night schools in Tambaram cheri and Mettucheri, and books and kerosene are being provided by the League. The Youth League work is also gradually reviving, especially in Selaiyur village and cheri under the inspiration of the Selaiyur Hall Rural Service Union.

During the last three months two attempts have been made to carry the work of the Rural Centre, where cottage industries are established, right into our villages. The St. Thomas's Hall Union started by organising a Poultry Club in Tambaram cheri. A few villagers join together to purchase poultry, half the capital being advanced by the Rural Service League, and the eggs are then sold by us to the Hall Messes, ¼ anna on each egg being withheld to repay the capital. Two more clubs are being formed in other villages by the St. Thomas's Hall Union. Selaiyur Hall Union is purchasing eggs at Rs. 1-2-0 a dozen from the villagers and selling them to the Hall Messes. This Union is also trying to start a Charka Club in Selaiyur village; but raw cotton is dear and hard to get.

Members of all four Unions visit the villages regularly, organise recreational, medical and literacy activities, submit daily reports, and meet to discuss the work done and to plan for the work for the following week. The League has also been asked to teach English to the College servants, and this is being undertaken by the St. Thomas's Hall Union.

In the Rural Centre the Labour Squad, consisting of members of staff and students, has been working regularly, clearing the Centre, making good drains during the very heavy rains we have had. In fact the poultry shed and even the pucca hand-pound rice industry building were saved by their work. Produce from the vegetable garden will soon be available to villagers and has already been of great use when Tambaram was cutoff from Madras. The two acres in the Rural Centre were ploughed and sown with gingelly and black-gram. The gingelly grew so fast owing to untimely rains, that it has yielded no gingelly, and is being used for fuel and green leaf manure. The black-gram also has been affected by the heavy rains. The industrial school is growing cotton. A stock of raw cotton has now been collected and with the carding and spinning machine that has been bought (for Rs. 100), slives are now available for the school. The school is now being reorganised to impart instruction in carpentry, mat-making, bee-keeping and gardening, as well as spinning and general education. Mr. C. R. Paulus, M.A., who has spent all his time by day on the hand-made paper industry, has now improved the quality of paper so much that we are producing some of the best hand-made paper in the country. The Industrial and Co-operative Department of the Government of Madras has become interested in our paper. Pulp is now being made of straw, banana leaves, rags and grass, and fewer chemicals are used. We have supplied writing pads, covers, drawing paper, foolscap paper, notices, tickets, etc., to many places and people. The three men sent by the Government of Travancore for training in paper making have returned to their State, after passing the examination creditably, and are starting paper industries in Travancore. Mr. Paulus has been taken over by the Government of Madras Industrial Department to help to make hand-made paper at several centres in Rayalaseema. Our grateful thanks go to Mr. Paulus for all the work he has done.

More than 100 Leghorn eggs havebeen distributed to villages during this period. We have increased our own stock of fowls by hatching. Also, ten to twenty dozen eggs are purchased from villagers, at a higher price than a middleman would give them.

The hand-pounded rice industry still employs about six women and three boys. One large Vegetarian Mess is being supplied with hand-pounded raw rice. All the villagers at the Centre are being fed at midday. During August and part of September, we provided unremunerative occupation for a large number of aged and untrained villagers who were given a good wage and the noon meal. This was met from last year's Relief Fund. Also St. Thomas's Hall Union purchased some bags of rice and for two weeks distributed it in the villages.

On the twenty acres given by the College, paddy of the dry variety has been sown. The rain has washed away a quarter of it, but from the other part a substantial yield is expected.

Our finance last term was not unsatisfactory. The accounts of the Entertainment are appended below. At the moment, a balance of only Rs. 200 is left. Only Bishop Heber Hall Union has paid its subscription in full up to date. St. Thomas's and Selaiyur Hall Unions have arrears of last term's subscription and all of this term's still to collect. The recent rains have seriously endangered our two important sheds, involving an unexpected expenditure of Rs. 200. We can carry on only if all members and friends pay their subscriptions and donations.

The Central Committee has made a donation of Rs. 25. to the Mambalam Youth Association for its flood relief work in Madras.

We have to carry on! The call that comes to us from our suffering and afflicted people is clear. We are placed in a position of privilege. We also occupy a strategic position. In difficult and

baffling times like the present, this is one concrete thing that we can do—our quiet, rather dull, and patient work in the service of others.

C. R. PAULUS, *Rural Development Officer*; A. J. GNANU, *General Secretary*; MATHAI ZACHARIAH, *Heber Hall Union*; M. NARASIMHA RAO, *Selaiyur*; G. GEORGE, *St. Thomas's Hall*; RAMAKRISHNA RAO, *Lecturers' Colony*.

EXPENSES DURING MARCH TO JUNE 1943

	RS	A	P
Paper Department ...	188	0	0
Poultry Shed Building ...	240	0	0
Re-thatching Shed ...	156	0	0
Well construction ...	166	0	0
General account ...	96	0	0
	846	0	0
Less Balance of Entertainment account ...	402	0	0
Overspent ...	444	0	0

BUDGET FOR 1943-44

INCOME

	RS	A	P
Entertainment and other receipts ...	1,200	0	0
Subscription through Halls:			
Selaiyur	240	0	0
St. Thomas'	240	0	0
Bishop Heber	240	0	0
Lecturers' Colony	80	0	0
Paper Department	100	0	0
Total ...	2,100	0	0

EXPENSES

	RS	A	P
Over-spent	445	0	0
Secretary's salary	240	0	0
Clerical	60	0	0
Servant	60	0	0
Paper Dept. (Wages)	330	0	0
Spinning, Paper and H. P. Rice workers mid-day food... ...	300	0	0
Straw for shed	60	0	0
Gardening, etc.	25	0	0
Spinning Department	120	0	0
Paper Department (materials) ...	50	0	0
H.P. Rice Shed	300	0	0
Village work and medicine ...	60	0	0
Bee-keeping and poultry... ...	50	0	0
Total ...	2,100	0	0

EXPENSES MET FROM ENTERTAINMENT INCOME OF 1943

(*Up to October* 1943)

	RS	A	P
Sale of tickets	1,406	4	0
Canteen profit	25	0	0
Total ...	1,431	4	0

	RS	A	P
Entertainment expenses ...	200	7	0
Deficit paid	442	0	0
H.P. Rice Shed Verandah Construction	275	0	0
Paper Department:—Wages ...	100	0	0
Materials ...	65	0	0
Straw for shed	70	0	0
General expenses	15	0	0
Spinning materials	60	0	0
	1,227	7	0
Balance (approximate)	203	13	0
Total ...	1,431	4	0

The English Honours Association

Soon after I gave my report to the magazine last term there was one more meeting when Mr. Jayaraman read a paper on George Meredith.

Our association has been very active this term. On 19th October Mr. R. Srinivasan, B.A. (Hons.), an old student of our college, read a paper on Macaulay. Mr. N. Kalyanasundaram presided.

The next meeting was held on 20th October, Mr. K. T. Abraham presiding, when Mr. N. Kalyanasundaram read an interesting paper on 'The Wessex of Thomas Hardy'.

The third meeting was held on 3rd November when Mr. K. T. Abraham read a paper on 'The historical plays of Shakespeare'. The student-chairman presided.

The chief event this term, however, was the Inter-collegiate debate which took place on Tuesday, the 16th of November, between us and the Presidency College English Honours Association. The subject for debate was 'Literature is an escape from Life'. Four members of our Association took part. It was an enjoyable and instructive debate.

MAHMOOD BIN MOHAMMAD,
Secretary.

Mathematics Association

The Inaugural address of the association was delivered by Rev. Fr. C. Racine, M.A., D.Sc. (Paris), of Loyola College, on 29th October 1943 with Prof. L. N. Subramanian, M.A., L.T., in the chair. The address was on the 'Present state of Mathematical Physics'. In his lecture Father Racine described clearly the different stages of old Mathematical Physics and showed how present mathematicians developed the subject systematically goading the physicist into new fields of reasoning.

The second meeting was held under the presidentship of Mr. C. T. Rajagopal, M.A., when Mr. P. Kesava Menon, M.A., M.Sc., spoke on 'Non-Euclidean Geometry'.

On behalf of the association I thank the staff for their hearty co-operation in our activities.

N. KRISHNA MURTHY,
Secretary.

The Astronomical Society

The object of this society is to encourage the practical study of astronomy with the aid of the college telescope, as well as discussions on astronomical subjects. The inaugural meeting was held last term when Dr. P. S. Srinivasan gave an introductory talk on astronomy. Owing to adverse weather conditions, observations could not be made last term, but now we have already had one peep into the wonderful universe, and hope to have many more before the term closes. On Friday, the 5th November, a paper on 'Planetary Motion' was read by Mr. C. V. Krishna Reddi. Mr. George Abraham of the Mathematics staff presided. At our next meeting Mr. A. B. Ramachandra Rao will read a paper on 'Spectrum Analysis and its Application to Stars'. Our thanks are due to Mr. M. A. Tangaraj for having assisted us in our observations.

C. V. KRISHNA REDDI,
Secretary.

The Philosophy Association

The association began its activities for the year by electing the following as office-bearers: Prof. S. P. Adinarayan—President; Miss. R. S. Ramaseshan—Secretary; Miss M. Ratna Bai, Mr. Chandran, and Mr. Srinivasan, class representatives for the fifth, fourth and third honours classes respectively.

The inaugural social was held in August and the address was delivered by Mr. P. N. Srinivasachari, ex-Principal of Pachaiyappa's College. The subject of the address was 'The Philosophy

of the Future, and the Future of Philosophy', and the speaker lucidly stated that all the sciences which have severed themselves from Philosophy must come back under the parental roof once again and thus restore to Philosophy the predominance that belongs to it.

The next meeting was held on the 9th of November. Dr. Mahadevan of the Madras University addressed the association on 'The Concept of value in Indian Philosophy'. In a concise and yet clear way he traced the history of thought in India with regard to values and showed that in India Moksha or the ultimate bliss was the supreme value that all men sought after.

We hoped to have a few more meetings this term but the bad weather is not in favour of this. But still, the two meetings we have had so far have been a success mainly because all the members of the association co-operated.

R. S. RAMASESHAN,
Secretary.

The Tamil Sangam

The floods and the breaches affected our activities this term. We are greatly disappointed that the various speakers whom we had invited could not come. Our lack of funds increased our difficulties. Yet dogged perseverance and co-operation enabled us to go on.

On 1st November 1943 Mr. Nagabushanam, of Class I, gave a talk on the interesting topic 'Inter-marriage'.

Contrary to the usual practice and owing to circumstances, the Bharathy Day celebrations had to be postponed to the middle of the term. In connection with the celebrations, a Bharathy Song Competition was held on Monday, the 8th of November. The musical talents of our young songsters found their vent in the Bharathy Song competition. Our hearty congratulations are due to Sri A. R. Nagarajan of A.I.R. fame for his masterly performance and Sri R. Purushothaman for his sonorous singing. Prizes were awarded to them which they well deserve.

We have arranged a grand meeting when Thiru V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar and K. V. Jaganathan, Editor, *Kalaimagal,* will speak on the Poet Bharathy.

Our thanks are due to the lecturers for their earnest co-operation and to all Tamil lovers for their enthusiastic comradeship.

M. S. NARASIMHAN,
K. KUPPUSWAMI,
Joint Secretaries.

Andhra Bhashabhiranjani Sanghamu

Mr. K. P. Narayana Rao, our former Secretary, resigned his place and Mr. D. Ramakrishna Reddy was nominated Secretary for the rest of the academic year. The newly elected representative for Class IV is Mr. K. Rajarami Reddy.

After our last report, a debate on the question 'Is music essential for the modern stage?' was conducted with Mr. P. R. P. Francis as the observer. Our members were all for music. We turned to politics this term; the subject of the debate of the 7th November was 'World peace is unattainable'. Experience and realism probably made our members rather pessimistic about the attainability of word peace. Prof. S. P. Adinarayan was the observer.

A symposium, now almost a regular feature of our activities, was held on the 26th October on 'My favourite work in modern Telugu poetry', with Mr. Francis in the chair. We expect another to follow shortly on 'My writings'. The keen interest our members show in these symposia probably indicates their desire for a critical study of modernism as it expresses itself in our literature.

'Foot-prints in modern Telugu literature' was the subject of an absorbing, and at the same time analytical lecture, given on the 1st November by Sri Jalasutram Rukmininatha Sastri of the editorial

staff of the *Andhrapatrika*, with our student-chairman presiding. Another distinguished editor, Sri Narla Venkateswararao, of the *Andhraprabha*, delivered, on the 11th November, a very suggestive lecture on 'Andhra stage and Andhra plays,' when Mr. G. Nagabhushana Sarma presided. We extend our sincere thanks to all of them.

The cup for 'the best individual speaker' at the inter-collegiate Telugu debate organised by Pachaiyappa's College on the 4th November, was won by Mr. C. G. Ramasubbu of our Sangham. We heartily congratulate him on his brilliant achievement, and incidentally the Law College which won the trophy for 'the best team.'

The prospects of the publication of the Telugu supplement to the College Magazine this term seem to be bright, if judged by the number of articles received.

Will our members continue to show throughout the year their vigorous enthusiasm which was so encouraging this term?

K. SUBRAHMANYAM,
Asst. Secretary.

The Malayalee Association

The College Malayalee Association was kept active by two important functions. A couple of weeks after the Inaugural Function a very lively debate was held in the St. Thomas' Hall Theatre. As usual the meeting was well attended. The proposition under discussion was 'War is detrimental to the progress of literature.' After a hot discussion the motion was put to vote and was rejected by a majority of votes. Sri Titus Varghese, M.A., acted as the observer.

The principal landmark in the activities of the association was the celebration of the famous 'Thiruvonam' which came off on the 11th of September. A grand tea-party was held and distinguished guests, both Malayalees and Non-Malayalees, attended it. After tea the members and guests assembled in Anderson Hall for the meeting. Dr. C. R. Krishna Pillai presided over the meeting. It commenced with a welcome speech by Sri M. G. George. The Chairman dealt at length with the significance of Thiruvonam for Malayalees. The chief speaker of the day was Sri A. K. Pavithran, Bar-at-Law of Madras High Court. His speech was both humorous and instructive. The meeting was also addressed by Sri N. K. Menon who made a stirring appeal to the audience on behalf of the suffering thousands of Kerala. The meeting came to a close with a vote of thanks by Sri Samuel Philip. The tone of the meeting was enlivened by a musical item by Sri C. K. Ramachandran, the Pankaj Mullick of Tambaram.

We propose to hold a few debates before the college closes for Christmas.

M. G. GEORGE,
P. SAMUEL PHILIP,
Secretaries.

The Sanskrit Association

A business meeting of the above Association was held last term on Thursday, the 15th of July. Office-bearers were elected.

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on Friday, the 10th of September. Mr. C. Kunhan Raja of the Sanskrit Department of the University of Madras delivered the address. The speech was a passionate plea for the furtherance of Sanskrit Studies and was much relished by the audience. Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A., presided and also proposed the vote of thanks. The Association is for the present inactive but all the members sincerely hope that it is the calm before the storm. The storm seems to be in sight and it i s hoped that the Association will resume its usual place of importance.

A. P. BRAHMAM,
Secretary.

Urdu Union

After I submitted the last report we were able to hold a debate on 3rd September with Mr. A. M. Ghouse in the Chair, the proposition being 'In the interests of our women-folk Purdah system should be followed'. A. Mohamed Yousuff, Hons. 4, moved the proposition which was opposed by Janab Syed Mohamed Sahib, B.A., Urdu Lecturer. After a lively discussion the proposition was put to vote and lost.

The present term began for us with bright prospects. But suddenly time wrought an adverse change and a few members of our Union were rendered unable by circumstances to help in the activities of the Union. We were able, however, to hold a meeting on 4th November with Janab Syed Mohamed Sahib in the chair, the subject for discussion being 'Man's indebtedness to God'.

I thank all the members of our Union for helping me in all ways to make our meetings a thumping success.

MIR IQBAL ALI,
Secretary.

The Historical Association

Sri G. Nagabushana Sarma read a paper on 'Right to Revolt' on Friday, the 27th August. Sri. R. J. Basu presided.

A meeting was held in Selaiyur Hall on the 19th October when Sri. K. S. Ramakrishniah read a paper on the Study of Numismatics. Mr. Titus Verghese presided.

Another meeting was held on the 22nd October when Prof. P. Ramamurthy of Wilson College, Bombay, spoke on the Present Anarchy'. Prof. E. J. Bingle, presided. In the course of his speech Mr. Ramamarthy said that discoveries and inventions knit the world and they have annihilated time and space. Realising that people all over the world are brothers and sisters, we must work for the establishment of a Great Society.

With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary the meeting came to a close.

We intend having two more meetings this term.

P. RAMAMURTHY.
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

Hockey

At the end of last term before we left on our long-awaited tour we had played six league matches, of which we won 5 and drew 1. The match we lost was against Medicals, the score being 0–2.

We reached Bangalore at 12 o'clock on the 21st September. We were met by a lecturer of the Central College who took us to the Cricket Pavilion where we were to stay.

That evening we played our first match against the 'City Hockey Club'. The game was very scrappy, due perhaps to the long train journey we had. In spite of all this we won 2–0. E. C. Philip the centre forward, was up to his usual form, ably helped by D'Sena, the left inner. Chakravarthi and the goalie were outstanding among the defence.

The night passed and the day dawned as bright as ever. As we had nothing to do we went out sight-seeing. This was our daily morning programme. That evening we played the A.F.I. and got the thrashing of our lives receiving eight goals from them.

Although we had lost badly the previous day we did not give up hopes when on Thursday we met the Central College

Hockey Team. We retrieved our honour beating them 1-0, thanks to the magnificent efforts of Muthana, our left back, Murray the goalie, D'Sena our left inner, E. L. Philip the captain, and Chakravarthi, our left half. D'Sena was responsible for the only goal of the evening and his combination with E. C. Philip was marvellous. Quick passing and good stickwork showed the home team that we were not such a bad side. That night, having nothing else to do, we all went to the Pictures and saw 'Mata-Hari' at her height, Greta Garbo playing the chief part.

The next day, Friday, showed signs of inclement weather and the match was a bit uncertain. It came down in torrents at about 4 o'clock in the evening and so the doubt was cleared. We were to meet the 'Mysops' that day, one of the strongest teams in Bangalore.

To make up for the disappointment we had an excellent dinner that night when we invited the Central College Hockey Team over, with Mr. Vijaysarathy, their Physical Director. It was a grand dinner running into half a dozen courses. The Captain proposed a vote of thanks to the Central College and to Mr. Vijayasarathy and the latter responded.

On Saturday, the last day of the tour, the weather showed signs of improving and at 12 o'clock the sun came out. We had to play Bangalore Sporting that day—a very strong side. This was the fastest and most exciting match of the tour. The Defence line kept up its reputation, while E. C. Philip, D'Sena and King combined well among the forwards. Once again our long-lost goalie Murray shone, Muthana surpassed us all and Chakravarthi, the calm and cool left half, fed his forwards well. The match ended in a draw, the score being 1-1. E. C. Philip scored for us.

The team left for Madras that night with the exception of four of the players who were in the cricket team as well. On the whole the tour was a great success, some of us learning what we were deficient in. To sum up we played 4 matches, won 2, drew 1 and lost one.

I must specially thank the college on behalf of the Hockey team for their excellent arrangement of things.

G. ZACHARIAH (*R. Full B*).

Tennis

In spite of the scarcity and dearness of Tennis balls, we have been able to enjoy this pleasant game this year, due mainly to the foresight of Mr. C. A. Abraham, the Physical Director. Only two courts however are being run. The fees have been raised to Rs. 12 per term, and it must be remembered that it is quite cheap, considering the present cost of balls. The result of the reduction in numbers has been a consequent rise in the standard of the game.

Abdulla and Alaganan represented the college in the Inter-Collegiate Tennis Tournament held last term, but were unfortunately beaten. Abdulla in particular put up a very good fight in the semi-finals against Appa Rao of Law College and was very unlucky to lose. Three of our players—T. Abraham, Abdulla and Soundararajan—are being sent up for selection to the University team and we wish them the best of luck.

We intend running a Tennis Tournament, consisting of four events, Open Doubles and Singles, Handicap Doubles and an Open Singles, exclusively for the 2nd court. The other events are open to all members of the college including the staff.

B. ALAGANAN,
Captain.

Cricket

Owing to heavy rains at Madras four of our Inter-collegiate matches have been postponed. The prospects of holding the remaining ones too look gloomy. This is disgusting because we are all back

from Bangalore, rich in experience and flushed with success.

Our train journey from Madras to Bangalore was not without incidents. But on the evening of our arrival in Bangalore we loosened our muscles with some net practice. We stayed in a spacious Hall at Central College close to the grounds. It rained in the evenings but the mornings were clear. We were therefore able to conduct all our matches.

Our tour opened with the match against the Indian Gymkhana, a formidable side. The team included well-known players like M. O. Srinivasan, B. Frank and U. R. Chippa. Batting first, they made 184 for 7 and declared. The three players mentioned contributed 57, 59 and 44 respectively. B. Alaganan was the most successful bowler and his wickets included those of Chippa and Frank. We replied with 134 for 7, the Philip brothers contributing 78 and D. L. Chakravarthi 32. Our first match was thus drawn. Chakravarthi's was a fast innings. He has a keen and quick judgment and has a repertoire of strokes at his command. E. L. Philip contributed 35, but with more restraint, he could have done better.

In our next match we met St. Joseph's College. The pitch was soft. We batted first. But though the start was good, T. Abraham and E. C. Philip having things their own way, disaster followed soon, the former being adjudged l.b.w. We were dismissed for 80 runs. But though our opponents had good hopes of beating us, we dismissed them for a paltry 34, E. L. Philip and V. R. Neelakantan being the successful bowlers.

The biggest score of our tour was made against the City Gymkhana.

We made 247 for 7 and declared. E. C. Philip scored an unbeaten century while Neelakantan made 54. D. L. Chakravarthi again played fast cricket for his 32 which included two sixers. Neelakantan played confident cricket for his 54. There is a note of confidence in all his strokes. There is the same confidence in his bowling. At his best he can run through any powerful team. I personally feel that this all-rounder should find a place in the forthcoming Inter-University tournament. E. C. Philip's century was a grand effort. Scientific precision in the art of batting combined with his unruffled temper has always stood him in good stead and has eased many a difficult situation. His consistency throughout the tour bears testimony to this. If he had been free from the responsibilities of a captain, he would have been more attractive and brilliant. To our score of 247 for 7, they replied with 134 for 7 towards which Thiagaraj contributed a fast 37 and Sivasami an unbeaten 52. A threatening cloud and a conseqnent failing of light necessitated an early closure. We were unfortunate to have been baulked of victory.

The fourth match against Mysore Combined Colleges saw us victorious. E. C. Philip again carried the team on his shoulders contributing an unbeaten 52. Y. S. Ramasamy figured in this match.

The last match of the tour was played against Central College (including past and present boys) in the Central College grounds. Tired and weary after four days of continuous cricket, it was really remarkable that we entered upon a fifth match unused as we are to such strenuous cricket. We lost the match but not disgracefully. It was not altogether unexpected. But the fact that Mr. Vijayasarathy contributed in no small a measure to our defeat should be admitted. Bowling unchanged from one end and maintaining an immaculate length, he was responsible for capturing 8 wickets clean bowling six of our batsmen. Some one from the pavilion watching Mr. Vijayasarathy cause the debacle and bowl with his felt hat on aptly described him in his remark 'He is bowling like a crook'. We made 102. E. L. Philip contributed a useful 35. B. Alaganan, a very polished and attractive batsman of our side who has been failing us with the

bat, contributed 23 in this match. His failures made him completely subdued. This was evident as he was seen to toil painfully for runs. They made the necessary score with three wickets to spare. The finish of the match saw both the teams participants in a grand tea. Our captain thanked Mr. Vijayasarathy for all the help he had rendered in making our stay in Bangalore a thoroughly enjoyable one. Mr. Vijayasarathy replied adequately. The same evening we entrained for Madras. Before the commencement of the tour I was anxious about two things, namely weather conditions and the results of our encounters. The curtain of our tour fallen, I am happy to see that both these were to our satisfaction. I, therefore, can rightly term the tour a great success.

Before I close, I would like to mention one or two points which will be useful. Some of the members were of opinion that our successes were the result of a 'one-man show'. Such a belief deserves all the condemnation it so richly deserves. Each one had a part to play and contributed in no small a measure towards the common achievement. It is not fair nor is it correct to praise a few and decry the rest especially in a game like cricket. Batting throughout the tour was of a fairly high standard and so too bowling. But fielding was scrappy and uncertain. Catches went abegging in certain matches. There was not much understanding in the matter of running in between wickets. The pick-up and throw left much to be desired. Unless these finer points of the game are observed, it is impossible to build up an ideal team and ugly surprises may be before us.

Finally on behalf of the team, I wish to congratulate E. C. Philip, our captain, on his unique performance with the bat. In spite of being overwhelmed with the responsibilities of a captain, he was able to perform the duties of a captain and of a batsman to the best of every one's satisfaction. That is why I call his performance a unique one. I join my friend of the 'Hockey tour account' in thanking the College for this tour.

THOMAS ABRAHAM,
P. G. I, Gr. i.

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MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, TAMBARAM